

# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 11, 1868.

[ONE PENNY.]

## OUR FOREIGN COMPETITORS.

MR. MUNDELLA, president of the Nottingham Chamber, is of opinion that France and Germany have of late years availed themselves with really wonderful facility of the best inventions of England, and both in France and Germany better goods are now produced with English machinery than can be produced with the same machinery in England. Having seen machinery at work in England, he saw the same machinery at work in the hands of the skilled and educated mechanics of France and Germany turn out quite a new and superior thing. France, Austria, Belgium, and Switzerland have good systems of industrial education for the masters and managers of factories and workshops, but we in England possess none; and not only are the means of conveying technical instruction to masters and managers wanting in England, but if called into existence they must remain inoperative so long as the great mass of the working classes remain in their present state of ignorance. In Saxony and Prussia primary and technical instruction are so intimately united, one leading up steadily to the other, that it is almost impossible to say where the one begins and the other ends. In foreign visits to Saxony he was very much struck by the universality of education. English middle-class education is quite inferior to that of poor Saxon children, the sons of workmen. Germany, according to Mr. Mundella, is an infant giant in its cradle. He has no fear of France in comparison with his apprehension of German competition. The French have exquisite taste—intuitive taste—and have made great progress in knowledge; but still they have a great deal to do to place themselves anywhere near Germans.

France has not the docile, steady population that Germany has. Germany will be the great future competitor of England. Education in Saxony was compulsory—a word that frightened Englishmen very much; but the Saxons felt no hardship in the working of the system. They have museums, with models of all descriptions, extensive botanical and other collections, and immense laboratories. The cost of the instruction to the

overlookers is 15s. for half a year. The attendance of the students is given for two hours a day. He described two or three great manufactories of steam engines, tools, and machinery in Saxony. These establishments were second to none in existence, and the great industrial progress in that country had been made during the last twenty years. A German workman can tell not only that the colour of a fabric

people of England are plunged, because English mechanics are the finest raw material in the world. There are no men so energetic and inventive. Sound systems of primary instruction and of technical education would make the English workman the finest in the world, and lift the load of misery and crime, which he believed resulted from the gross ignorance in which the working classes of this country have been left.



MRS. STIRLING.

is wrong, but he can tell why it is wrong, and point out what chemical process has been neglected; whereas manufacturers themselves in England can only see that a thing is wrong, but they cannot tell why. Competitors, of whom the English have not dreamt, are springing up on the Continent. The English have hitherto gone on well because they were in possession, and have capital, and have enjoyed 60 years' peace; but the German people are only just developing themselves. The ignorance among English workmen is almost incredible. As to statistics, every child who has been to any kind of school in England is reckoned among the educated. In Germany the case is the same; but in Germany every one goes to school, and every one who goes to school is educated. The great majority of the children of English workmen have been to school, and are reckoned as educated, but they are not really educated. If any one would take the trouble to examine the children in workshops and factories, an astounding state of ignorance would be discovered. In fact, England is resting on its old prestige, and is fast losing it, and unless earnest endeavours are made, this country will soon be in the rear. The indifference of this country—he might even say the dislike of many of the people of this country—to scientific and art education, must be overpowered, or it will be fatal. The great obstacle in the way of art education is the want of primary instruction. Men who cannot form the letters of the alphabet are not likely to be anxious to learn to draw, nor those who cannot read to give their days and nights to science. Helments the more keenly the state of ignorance in which so many of the



## COURT AND SOCIETY.

THE Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., who has been in town during the past week, left on Saturday to join Mrs. Gladstone and family at Hawarden Castle, Flintshire.

MR. DAVENPORT BROMLEY, M.P., has received the Queen's permission to change his name to Bromley-Davenport, in pursuance of the will of his cousin, Mrs. Arthur Henry Davenport, deceased. The Royal permission is announced in the *Gazette*.

THE Earl and Countess of Derby entertained a distinguished party at Knowsley Park, near Liverpool, during the past week. Their Royal Highnesses Prince Arthur and Prince Christian honoured the noble Earl and Countess by their company.

GENERAL SIR JOHN BURGOYNE has retired from active service at the War Office. He retains the full pay of his late office, and is about to be created a field marshal in the army. We understand that Sir John will be succeeded as inspector-general of engineers and director of works by Major-General Edward Frome. The post was offered to Sir J. W. Gordon.

WE believe that the Mayor, Mr. T. Avery, has determined upon presenting to the Birmingham Town Council a bust of the late Mr. Wm. Schofield, M.P., to be placed in one of the public buildings of the town. By so doing the mayor will do honour to himself and pay a grateful tribute to the memory of a man who, during a busy life, did much for his native town.

JAMES H. STIRLING, Esq., M.D., LL.D. (Edinburgh), author of the "Secret of Hegel," and translator of "Schwegler's History of Philosophy," and author of many other *critiques* on philosophy, is candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy, now vacant in the Edinburgh University by the lamented death of Professor Macdonald.

ON Tuesday the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Sutherland came up from Sandringham in order to inspect the ruins of Corporation-lane and the scene of the Fenian outrage. His Royal Highness also visited Bartholomew's Hospital, and on been conducted through the wards in which the unfortunate sufferers from the explosion were lying expressed great sympathy and commiseration for their condition.

ON Saturday evening their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian, Prince Arthur, and Princess Henriette of Schleswig-Holstein, attended by Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Gordon, arrived at the Windsor Terminus of the South Western Railway by the 6.55 ordinary train from town en route from Osborne. Their Royal Highnesses and suite proceeded from the station in close carriages to their residences, Foggmore Lodge.

WE regret to announce the death of the Hon. Mrs. Emily O'Brien, which occurred at Quarrwood, Ryde, Isle of Wight, on Friday. The deceased lady was the second daughter of Lord Heytesbury, by his marriage with Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Leonard Worsley Holmes, Bart., of Westover, Isle of White. She was born Sept. 14, 1842, and married in 1862 the Hon. Edward Donough O'Brien, eldest son of Lord and Lady Inchiquin.

WE have to record the death of Sir Henry Des Vaux, Bart., which took place on Saturday afternoon, at Drakelow, near Burton-on-Trent. He was born 16th December, 1806, and married, on the 6th July, 1839, Lady Sophia, youngest daughter of the seventh Earl of Coventry, and widow of Sir Roger Gresley, Bart. The respected baronet is succeeded by his half-brother, Mr. Frederick Aeshe, son of Sir Charles Des Vaux, second baronet, by Lady Cecilia Paulet, daughter of the late Marquis of Winchester.

WE regret to announce the death of Vice-Admiral Sir William Dickson, Bart., who died on Sunday afternoon. The deceased baronet was a midshipman on board the *Minde*, at Algiers, and was educated at the Royal Naval College. He was born on the 10th of June, 1798, and married, June 20, 1850, Laura Emmeline, only daughter of Colonel Northey, of Llangwathan, county Pembroke. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Colpoys Dickson, formerly in the Bengal army, from which he retired in 1852.

THE eminent physician, Dr. Page, F.R.C.P., died on the 2nd inst. at his residence, Gloucester-place, Portman-square. The deceased gentleman was for many years physician and lecturer on the principles and practice of medicine at St. George's Hospital. He received his education at Christ Church, Oxford, and graduated B.A. in 1831. He completed his medical studies at St. George's Hospital, and took his M.D. degree in 1837. On the election of Dr. Alderson as President of the Royal College of Physicians in 1866 Dr. Page was chosen treasurer of the college. He also held the appointments of medical examiner to the Economic and Clergy Assurance Societies. The deceased was born 1800.

A PAINFUL sensation was produced in the neighbourhood of Wotton-under-Edge in consequences of its becoming known that on Saturday, Sir John Rolt had been seized, at his seat Oatworth Park, with very serious indisposition. The seizure, which was in the nature of a fit, created great alarm in his lordship's household, and messengers were despatched for the family medical attendant, Dr. Bullock, who was promptly in attendance. A telegram was despatched for Dr. Symonds, of Clifton, Bristol, and in the course of the evening that eminent physician passed to Oatworth from the Chaffield Station of the Midland Railway, and a consultation was held. The answer to inquiries was that his lordship, although still seriously ill, was a trifle better. Sir John Rolt is personally so exceedingly popular that a very general feeling of anxiety has been induced.

WE are violating no confidence when we state that the gentleman whose *nom de plume*, "The Old Shekarry," has long been a household word amongst the sporting periodicals, and who has now presented the public, apropos of the Abyssinian expedition, with his "Wrinkles on Dress, Equipment, Armament and Camp Life," is "H. A. Leyson, Major, late Colonial Secretary at Lagos, West Africa," the officer who has lately been pressing the Secretary for Foreign Affairs for permission to undertake to bring King Theodore to terms single-handed, and so spare Great Britain the necessity of despatching an expedition to that difficult quarter of the globe. The very moderate calibre of H. A. L.'s writings probably explains how it has come to pass that his spirited offer has not been accepted, and how it is that Lord Stanley, courteously acknowledging his letter, has nevertheless preferred entrusting the liberation of General Cameron and his fellow-prisoners to Sir R. Napier and 12,000 men.

MR. CHAPPIUS, of Fleet-street, has invented three pretty and entertaining articles, which are sure to be popular in every home. The first toy is an optical one, and is both amusing and instructive—amusing, because children can carry it with them in their walks, and use it as a moving panorama, which will offer to their view, in diminutive, yet perfect forms near or distant landscapes, houses, gardens, people passing in the streets, horses, carriages, &c.—instructive, because it may develop a taste for drawing, and where great difficulty would be experienced to draw from nature, by means of this camera, the view or the object being reduced to a very small scale, and brought almost under the eye, the child will thereby be greatly assisted, and the task will become easier. Children who already understand the use of the pencil and the brush will derive great pleasure in drawing and colouring the pictures delineated on the panoramic screen, and the second and best of photographic puzzles, which will create an immediate interest of amusement, and the third, an ink especially prepared for it, as a means of correspondence. Those who wish to show their children innocently and cheaply, should write to Mr. P. E. Chappius, and direct to the friendly aid of Mr. P. E. Chappius.

## HOME AND DOMESTIC.

A FISH train run off the rails on the Great Eastern Railway between Manningtree and Bentley. One line was blocked, but no lives were lost, and it does not appear that anybody was hurt.

WE understand that Sir E. Lacon, Bart., at present M.P. for Yarmouth, will be brought forward at the next general election as the constitutional candidate for one of the new divisions of the county of Norfolk.

THE members of the Ancient Order of Foresters at Windsor have waited on the mayor and magistrates to offer their services as special constables. The offer was accepted, and they have been sworn in.

MOST of the north country ploughing matches take place during the winter months. Among the most important meetings are the two which have just been held—one at Croxdale, on the last day of 1867, and the other at Brancepeth, on January 2nd. There was a large attendance at both meetings, and the contests for the All England Champion Prizes were watched with great interest. These were both won with Ransome's ploughs, and the work was considered extremely good.

THE committee for the disposal of the Clerkenwell Relief Fund has just issued its first report. It is a lengthy document, abounding in painfully interesting details, which will doubtless commend it to the favourable consideration of the benevolent. It is astonishing to find how much sorrow, suffering, bereavement, mourning, disfigurement, losses, and misery, have resulted from the wicked and reckless schemes of the "Fenian Brotherhood" in one small locality.

THE Conservatives of South Leicestershire are not going to sit down quietly under their recent defeat. The *Leicester Journal* reports that a new Conservative association for the southern division of the county, and for the borough of Leicester, was duly organised last week at the White Hart Hotel, where an adjourned meeting was held under the presidency of Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, Bart. Lord Curzon, M.P., who was present during the proceedings, was chosen president of the association.

ON Tuesday, Duggan and Donovan, the two men charged with the murder of Francis Brown by throwing him from the Graveland drawbridge into the London Dock Basin, were again brought before Mr. Benson, the Thames police magistrate. The mother of the deceased was called for the defence, to prove that forty-five minutes before the affair on the bridge her son (who had been quarrelling with his father respecting some money the latter had lent him) left them in ill-temper, threatening to commit suicide; and that the bridge was not on his way home, but led directly to the river. Mr. Benson said there were circumstances in the case not at all satisfactory or intelligible, and the deceased, who had received his wages a few hours previously, had no money when found, and one of the pockets were turned inside out. After the evidence of Mrs. Brown, however, he should not be justified in committing the prisoners. They were, therefore, at once discharged from custody.

AT the Cambridge Quarter Sessions, the Hon. Elliot Yorke, chairman, in addressing the grand jury, alluded to Fenianism. Extra expense had been brought upon the country by the grievous acts of insubordination which seemed to have resolved themselves into a wide conspiracy for the purpose of altering the constitution of the country, or, if he might be allowed the term, of Americanising its institutions. He alluded to the dastardly attempts made of late by persons calling themselves Fenians for the purpose of disturbing the tranquillity and peace of the country, besides greatly alarming the peaceful subjects of Her Majesty. This attempt, arising from whatever source it might, was one which at this time it was scarcely possible to fathom. It might have its origin in some imaginary grievance, or it might be a disaffection having its root in the Far West, spreading its branches into this country. It was generating, however, amongst us the roving of America, and compelling every loyal man to arm himself for his own protection and the safety of those about him.

ABOUT ten minutes past five o'clock on Saturday morning last a shock of an earthquake was felt in the valley of the Parrett, between Langport and Stoke-sub-Hamdon. At Martock, a low, rumbling noise was heard, which lasted for a few seconds, and beds and houses simultaneously shook. At Tintinhull and Stoke-sub-Hamdon the shock was felt, the noise being described as similar to something flying rapidly past the windows. At East Lambrook the houses were shaken, and the people were awake by the rattling of the glass and of the furniture in their bedrooms. At Seavington the postman distinctly heard the shock, which resembled a train passing the house at full speed. At Compton, South Petherton, the shock was felt by several persons, and one woman was so much frightened that she either fell or rolled out of bed. At Machinley and Kingsbury, near Langport, people were awake by the rattling of lamps and windows. The morning was fine and frosty, with no wind. There has been a rumour circulated in the county during the past week that the Fenians had visited Yeovil and left a barrel of gunpowder at the railway station. Several persons at Tintinhull upon hearing the noise imagined that the gunpowder had exploded. This will give some idea of the nature of the shock.

ON Friday night great excitement was occasioned in Shrewsbury and especially in the crowded neighbourhood adjoining the railway station, by a rumour to the effect that a Fenian plot had been discovered for blowing up the station. It is not easy to arrive at the precise character of the information upon which the authorities acted, but it is certain that on Friday evening they received an intimation which had the effect of inducing them to take prompt measures for defeating the alleged conspiracy. Two large sewers underlie the station, one being accessible from the river side and the other from the town side; and it was stated by the informant that five barrels of gunpowder had been placed in these sewers, and that on Friday night means would be taken for exploding them. A gang of platelayers was at once set to work, and the mouth of each of the sewers was securely blocked up with railway sleepers. A guard was also organised within the station, and a strict watch kept throughout the night, but nothing of a suspicious character is reported as having transpired. There are a proportionately large number of Irish amongst the population of Shrewsbury, but they have never manifested any Fenian proclivities, and it is difficult to believe the whole affair otherwise than a hoax. Special constables have been sworn in, and preparations taken for the safety of the militia arms which are stored in the town.

## NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION BY THE KING OF ITALY.

THE New Year's reception was held by the King on Jan. 1st. The presidents and deputations from the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, the Ministers, the magistracy, the municipalities, officers of the army and the National Guard, were present. In reply to the congratulations of the Deputies, the King expressed his confidence in the future, and said that he considered the position of Italy had improved within the last few months. His Majesty hoped the Chamber would act in such a manner as to render it possible to govern and effect the reform so long expected by the country. Addressing the Mayor of Florence, the King expressed much gratification at receiving the congratulations of a city the inhabitants of which had so admirably conducted themselves during the late calamitous period, and regretted that their example had not been followed in some of the other Italian cities. The King thanked the National Guard for their exertions to preserve order.

## METROPOLITAN.

AT a meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Mr. Bazalgette reported that there was nothing in the state of the Thames Embankment works to prevent the railway company from making their line, and that if the latter were to be commenced at once it would require eighteen months for its completion. The question was referred to the Works Committee.

BOOKS, the Fenian leader, with Casey and Shaw, alias Mul-lany, were brought up for another examination at Bow-street on Saturday. The evidence taken related solely to the arrest of Burke and Casey in London. They were remanded *cum vires*; but it is expected that at the next hearing the case, which has now been open for about six weeks, will close.

ON Saturday the new rules and orders for the county courts, under the Act which came into force on Wednesday week, were issued, and also an order from the Treasury as to the fees to be taken. There are 279 rules, and also 25 orders in equity, as well as 170 forms at common law, and 55 for equitable proceedings. For taking an acknowledgement of a married woman the fee is £1, and in equitable suits the fees are of a limited character.

THE Newspaper Press Fund Committee, at their meeting on Saturday, elected several new members, and made a liberal grant to the family of a deceased member. They also resolved to address the representatives of the press throughout the United Kingdom, setting forth the advantages of the fund, which now amounts to nearly £4,000, and requesting their assistance in making them better known among those who have not yet become connected with the institution.

THE *Star* reports what it calls a curious episode in the special constable movement. A few days ago the working men in the employment of Messrs. Holland and Son, builders, of the Ranelagh Works, Pimlico, were invited to enrol themselves as special constables. They were some hundreds strong, and would have been a formidable addition to the body. They held a meeting at the works, at which the proposition was fully discussed, and, after mature deliberation, they passed a resolution which set forth in effect that, while they yielded to no one in their loyalty to the throne, their love of the laws and Constitution, and their hatred of the outrage in Clerkenwell, they yet believed that the extent of the Fenian conspiracy was exaggerated, and they declined to be sworn in as special constables under the present Government, lest they should be called upon to suppress perfectly loyal public meetings. After passing this resolution they determined to form a guard over the property of the firm employing them, and they have since kept daily and nightly watch.

SATURDAY morning having been appointed for the ceremony of confirming the election of the Right Rev. George Augustus Selwyn, D.D., to the bishopric of Lichfield, the ancient church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, was attended by a large number of persons. The preliminary proceedings took place at an early hour in the vestry-room of the church, where Sir Travers Twiss, the vicar-general of the province of Canterbury, received the bishop, Mr. John Shepherd, who acted as proctor for the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield, presented a proxy from that body, certifying that they had duly elected Dr. Selwyn to be their bishop. A procession was then formed into the church, where prayers were read by the Rev. M. H. Vine, M.A., the rector of the parish. The Queen's letters patent were presented to the Vicar-General, who directed them to be read. Mr. Kirkman then proceeded into the body of the church and proclaiming the election, demanded that, if any person objected, he was to now come forward. No one having appeared, the bishop knelt before the Vicar-General, and took the oaths of supremacy and obedience, and made a declaration against simony. The Vicar-General then signed the sentence confirming the election, and the proceedings were at an end. The next step in the elevation of Dr. Selwyn will be his enthronisation in the cathedral church of his diocese.

THE present season has had much fun and laughter added to the usual joviality of Christmas-tide by the introduction of a new toy, called the Zeotrope, or Wheel of Life. It consists of a cylinder arranged so as to revolve upon a centre. At frequent intervals in the circumference narrow openings occur by which a view of the interior of the cylinder can be obtained, and the machine being made to revolve with great rapidity a number of figures painted on cards and arranged along the inner sides appear by an optical delusion to be in active motion. In this way a variety of the most grotesque effects are produced, the drollery of which must be seen to be appreciated. The Zeotrope at the Crystal Palace is constructed on a gigantic scale; and as its performances take place several times in the course of the day with different figures and postures, it cannot fail to be regarded as a great addition to the already numerous Christmas attractions. The pantomime—"Little Red Riding Hood"—is a great success. It is admirably put on the stage, and the transformation scene is one of the most brilliant and effective of the year. A troupe of Arabian posturers and tumbler also perform remarkable feats of agility, representing the amusements of the nomadic tribes of the Desert. The basins and ornamental waters being completely frozen over were occupied on Saturday by a large number of skaters. The usual entrance fee to the palace and grounds confines the visitors to a more select class than are gathered together in the parks and other places of public resort; and a large number of ladies, amongst whom were many graceful and efficient performers, assembled at the Crystal Palace to join in the exhilarating exercise of skating. Within the palace the temperature ranges between 45 and 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

ON the Thames, from London-bridge to beyond Woolwich, a continual excitement prevails. Had the voyager arrived on the night of last Friday week he would have been the spectator of a singular scene. A crowd at the gates of the Arsenal offering to aid in its defence, but dispersed by the repeated assurances that all was safe; a force of two hundred marines, called out of their beds at midnight, each man supplied with fifty rounds of ball cartridge, and marched down, with a surgeon in attendance, to protect the magazines; a night inspection of the stores by a general officer and his staff; arrangements for a series of rocket signals to summon artillery reinforcements; troops parading the town when nine-tenths of its inhabitants were asleep; cheering for the Queen, groaning for some one else; artillery horses kept in harness until the morning; a blue light thrown up in one direction and answered in another to signify that all went well; and, on the water itself, a scene of similar import, even more dramatic. Two unknown vessels—of course suggesting themselves as "suspicious" with so many alarms whispering in the air—hover near the Arsenal; they are challenged, and asked for papers, but have none; their crews are rough, and again, of course, "apparently Irish American"; they move up the stream, followed by six guard boats full of water police, armed with cutlasses and pistols, while other craft, similarly formidable, cruise till dawn in front of the Arsenal, the powder magazines, and the Armstrong gun sheds. What part of this would be intelligible to the uninitiated Londoner, just revisiting the British capital? Or the throng of soldiery within, and of constabulary without, the Tower, and the perpetual activity displayed? Or the lighted river front of the Houses of Parliament, and the guard upon its terraces? Or the doubled sentries at St. James's and Buckingham Palace? Or the watch for "suspicious" casks and parcels arriving by the after-dark trains? Or the wild stories from the provinces? Or the packages of gunpowder picked up in unlikely holes and corners? Or all the table-talk and newspaper correspondence concerning nitro-glycerine and other explosive substances, wet sand, inflammable woodwork, decoctions of soda, iron shutters, woollen curtains, a six-shooter in every house, and even "the unspoken word," martial law for Ireland?



## PROVINCIAL.

It is not possible to report any improvement in the tone of the Dublin weekly journals published on Saturday morning. The *Irishman* exhibits the proof of commercial success indicated by new type, and is, besides, much more anti-English than even the *Nation*, its rival in trade.

The second declaration of the Limerick priesthood, which bears the signatures of two dignitaries and thirty parish priests or curates, and is to get further names, calls upon the Government to satisfy the aspirations of Ireland by restoring the blessings of domestic legislation. This concession, which they believe "to be fully compatible with the integrity of the empire and the security of the Crown," would, they add, "have the like happy results in Ireland that have signally attended a similar adjustment recently in Hungary."

A MEETING has been held of the Manchester shareholders in the Midland Railway Company, at which a resolution was passed urging the directors to abandon extensions as far as possible, and to cut down expenditure as much as they could on works which it was necessary to finish. A second resolution was to this effect:—"That with a view to carry out the foregoing resolution it is absolutely necessary that a detailed statement should be laid before the proprietors as to the future estimated outlay on all the works of the company, and that such statement should be certified by persons entirely independent of the Board, and no decision should be asked from the proprietors before such a statement has been laid before them."

Some explanations with respect to the alleged Fenian privateer which has been so often reported as being seen off the Irish coast have been given. It would appear that an exceedingly rakish-looking American built barque, the *Alaska*, 700 tons, bound from San Francisco to Cork, has been overhauled three or four times by different ships of the Royal Navy, in consequence of her great speed and suspicious appearance; and it may be that in this circumstance it is to be found all the rumours about armed privateers and the like. It was, when in chase of the *Alaska* that the Research ran when upon the Daunt Rock. Although leaking tremendously when she got off, the steam pumps were set to work, and the gallant captain, with real English pluck, continued the chase.—The Fenians continue to be active in the neighbourhood of Cork, and managed on Friday night to get possession of half a ton of powder from a private magazine of blasting explosives.—A sentry at the Limerick barracks was fired at the other night, but fortunately escaped injury.

The *Hampshire Telegraph* publishes the following story, with the remark that if it be true, the sooner we find out "whom to hang" for it the better. "On the 26th of December last several companies of the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade, then lying in Chichester barracks, were ordered (at any rate as early as the morning of that day) to proceed by railway to Weedon, by a special train appointed to leave Chichester at 8 p.m. By half-past seven the men were at the station, and there they remained until past eleven, when the train started. On reaching their destination it is said that the poor fellows actually found that no adequate preparations had been made for them, so that after three hours of waiting in Chichester station, and a long night journey in mid-winter, they could get neither food nor drink until twelve o'clock next day. Now it is possible, and perhaps probable, that the railway authorities may be to blame for the monstrous delay in the starting of the train from Chichester: but the neglect at Weedon can only be laid at the door of those gentlemen who, a short time since, allowed a cavalry regiment to fast a whole day within a few miles of St. Paul's; and the whole affair—supposing it to be true—is a very pretty comment on the boastings in which some of us are apt to indulge about the wonderful manner in which large bodies of troops can be moved about on certain occasions."

## THE FENIAN ARREST ON BOARD THE ORIANA.

THE consul passenger, Lionel Granville, who was arrested on board the *Oriana* on Monday, upon the supposition that he was Captain Deasy, or, at any rate, that he was implicated in the Manchester outrage in September last, has now been released from custody. Granville went on board the *Oriana* as a consul passenger at the Italian port of Leghorn, and during the passage from thence his conduct and conversation gave rise to the supposition that he was a prominent member of the Fenian Brotherhood; intelligence to that effect had been communicated to the police, and on the *Oriana's* arrival at London-bridge, a body of the Thames police, in two boats, followed the ship up the river, and several detectives at the same time boarded the vessel from the shore side. Granville was taken into custody, and privately conveyed to the Leman-street Police-station, Goodman's-fields, Whitechapel. Communications were at once made by telegram to Manchester, and detectives from thence were quickly on the spot; but they failed to recognise him either as Captain Deasy or Kelly; and, after a private examination, Granville was discharged from custody, no evidence being forthcoming to implicate him with any of the Fenian outrages. He is entirely indebted to his own conduct and statements for his arrest and the implications connected therewith.

The Manchester police, according to the *Examiner* and *Times*, appear to entertain no doubt that the man apprehended at London-bridge, and who gives the name of Lionel Granville, is a man who was in Manchester recently, passing under that name, and having no supposed connection with Fenianism. He was, as stated in some London reports of his apprehension, "in Manchester at the time of the attack on the van," but he was never suspected of being a participant in the attack. About a week after that event he was engaged in the Manchester police force, on trial, and was soon discharged, as he did not give satisfaction.

## THE RE-ORGANISATION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

IN one sense, of course, the re-organisation of the French army is purely a matter of domestic economy which concerns that country alone; and we have no reason to be angry if our pet ideal of a snug life of peaceful commerce does not happen to command itself to other nations who have different aspirations. Not only is it the right, but we should say the duty, of every nation to develop its strength to the utmost point that can be attained without detriment to its other functions. Gigantic force is an evil only when misused. The arguments, however, by which this increase of the French army has been justified cannot fail to excite the susceptibilities of neighbouring States. The boast that when France is at rest Europe is tranquil suggests its converse, and it is very natural that when France is seen to be very far from content, and arming to the teeth, Europe should look on with a feeling deeper than curiosity. No amount of soft words and plausible speeches can disguise the ominous fact that Napoleon has now at his disposal in time of peace a fighting army of about 600,000 trained soldiers, backed by a reserve of 600,000 men, who have gone through at least the first rudiments of drill; and with such a Chamber as the present, the Emperor will have little difficulty in calling up a contingent of 140,000 or 150,000 instead of the normal number of 100,000, should war break out. It is impossible to forget how much temptation lies in means and opportunity. There can be no pretence that France is threatened from without, and when Marshal Niel and M. Rouher point to the gigantic armaments of other Powers they should recollect how largely French policy is responsible for this result.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

## FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

CARDINAL D'ANDREA is not yet restored to favour with the Pope, nor has he been permitted to resume his benefices.

At Lille the director of the theatre has had the generous idea of allowing every person who goes to see the grand new year's piece to take a child gratis, and this right extends all through the holiday week.

THE *Debatte* asserts that Prussia has associated herself with the recommendations lately addressed to the Porte by Austria, France, and England for the extension to other provinces of the concessions made to the Cretans, while Italy and Russia have held themselves aloof.

The almost sudden death from inflammation of the lungs is announced of Mme. Niel, the relict of the late President of the Imperial Court of Toulouse, the brother of the Marshal. She survived her husband only five days, and died without knowing that her husband had preceded her.

A TELEGRAM, dated Shanghai, Dec. 7, states that intelligence has been received there announcing that a political revolution has taken place in Japan, and that the Tycoon has resigned. The only effect the change will have on foreign relations is the probable postponement of the period for opening the ports for a few months.

HOPEFUL news has reached us, says the *Bombay Gazette*, regarding the fate of Dr. Livingstone. A letter from Zanzibar, dated the 1st of October, says that an Arab ivory trader spoke of having seen the great explorer, attended by thirteen followers, to the west of Lake Tanganyika. On being shown an album of photographs, he pointed out that of Dr. Livingstone, saying, "That is the man."

THOUGH the *Moniteur* remains mute respecting the Emperor's replies to the Presidents of the two Chambers New Year's congratulations, the semi-official *Constitutionnel* pretends to know all that passed on the occasion, and denies that the Emperor made any allusion to the Army Re-organisation Bill; and adds that more cordial congratulations were never exchanged on the occasion of the New Year between the Emperor and the other Sovereigns of Europe, and that the King of Italy addressed a most friendly despatch to the Emperor.

The eruption of Mount Vesuvius, of January 3, assumed alarming proportions. An immense current of lava has overflowed the central cone, and is now skirting the hill on the west and north-west, and approaching the village of Cercola. Constant shocks and detonations are occurring. Great panic prevails in the villages on the slopes of Vesuvius. The torrent of lava follows the same direction as during the eruptions of 1858, 1859, 1860, and separates into two branches. The northern branch passes close to the observatory approaching Resina; the southern branch takes the direction approaching Terra del Greco.

THE Rev. Edward Forbes, the English chaplain in Paris, repeats the warning he gave some time since to English girls "going a governessing" in the French capital. Mr. Forbes says:—"The system of French education being conducted chiefly by 'cours' or lectures, the demand for English teachers is not sufficient to realise the hopes of one-tenth of those looking out for engagements. For the majority, one of three courses is open—first, either to accept the situation of *gouvernante*, or nursery governess, or to give English lessons in a school in exchange for French; or to take a room with the hope of finding daily lessons. The latter being difficult to obtain, a large proportion of the 300 English governesses in and around Paris are without employment. Were this more generally known it would cause much disappointment." Mr. Forbes goes on to mention the provisions which have been made by an English lady to afford temporary assistance to governesses out of employment, but the obvious moral of his letter is that no young woman should go to Paris without an engagement beforehand.

A Paris correspondent of the *Nord*, writing on the 1st, reports an extraordinary discovery which, he says, has been made relative to Fenianism. The writer says:—"I have informed you of the complaints made by the English Cabinet to the French Minister for Foreign Affairs respecting the invasion of the Fenians. The presentiments of the English have been justified by events. It appears to be proved that the Fenian organisation has its accomplices in France, and that its name is not that of a sect, but of a legion. Searches are said to have been made, with much prudence and without arrests, by order of the Prefect of the Police, in a certain quarter of the Faubourg du Temple, which have led to the seizure of correspondence of the most interesting description between the English Fenians and the revolutionists of Paris. Amongst it were discovered, it is said, plans of fresh outrages to be carried out in England, the destruction of the fleet, and the names of the most important correspondents of the Fenian movement in London. This discovery, which in no way menaced the French, has, I repeat, been kept quite secret, but the precious documents have been forwarded by the police of Paris as a new year's gift to the Government of Great Britain."

A curious practice prevails at Cronstadt amongst the cooks of British ships at anchor in the harbour. These men are in the habit of electing from among themselves an "admiral" and two "lieutenants," who establish rules, and inflict penalties in defiance of the laws of both England and Russia. As instances, if a master sends salt beef to be cooked, the so-called "admiral" throws it into the Mole; and should a master require his cook to work on board when not employed in cooking, he suffers the penalty of having his soup or tea flavoured with tobacco, or something worse. Again, should a cook arrive at the cook-house after four p.m. his boat is hauled ashore, and the master and crew of the vessel are thus deprived of their evening meal; while a repetition of the offence entails upon the transgressor the penalty of being stripped and flogged by the "admiral." Such proceedings are a source of great annoyance to officers and crews of British ships, and the Russian authorities are endeavouring to put a stop to them. Recently the "admiral" for the time being inflicted corporal punishment upon the cook of another ship, for neglecting to pay him proper respect. The punishment consisted of twelve smacks in the rear with the blade of an oar. These circumstances came to the knowledge of the British consular officer, who caused the "admiral" to be arrested and taken before the Russian court, by whom he was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, apparently much to his surprise. After this proceeding on the part of the Russian authorities the men will feel probably, less disposed to take upon themselves the duties and responsibilities attaching to the office of "admiral," and the objectionable practice will, it is hoped, be discontinued. The case has been referred to the Board of Trade, and is now under consideration.

## LOSS OF AN ENGLISH MAIL STEAMER AND FOUR HUNDRED LIVES.

The following was posted at Lloyd's on Wednesday:—"New York, Dec. 27.—Extract of a letter from Rio Janeiro, dated the 24th of November:—

"This morning a Brazilian steamer arrived from Monte Video, bringing the news of the loss of the English mail steamer *Sautern* (?) in a terrible gale off that place a week ago. She was iron-clad, and one of the finest-looking steamers I ever saw. She left the harbour of Bahia while we were at anchor there. When she went down she had on board 400 persons. Amongst them was the English Minister, who had just been relieved to enable him to make a short visit home. He, with the rest, were lost, only fourteen out of the whole being saved."

The English Minister alluded to is probably Mr. Thornton, who has recently exchanged the embassy at Rio for that of Washington.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.—The burlesque at this theatre is written by Mr. Gilbert & Beckett, and entitled, "An Utter-Pe-Version of the Brigand; or, New Lines to an Old Ban-ditty." The author's style is somewhat original; but regarding the piece as something to laugh at, we are pleased with the buffoonery and broad gags it produces, and think its faults condoned. It is well put on the stage, and the acting is admirable throughout. The Brigand's Haunt and The Grand Ball-room are very elaborate scenes, and will well repay a visit to Mr. Buckstone's fashionable house.

PRINCESS'S.—This theatre relies upon "Colleen Bawn," and "The Streets of London." It is all Boucicault, and Boucicault is a good thing. We are told it is possible to have too much of a good thing, but in the present instance the old saying does not hold good. Those who care neither for spectacle or for pantomime will do well to visit the Princess's.

OLYMPIC.—The Olympic can scarcely be called the abode of the legitimate drama, but with Charles Mathews and Horace Wigan it offers great attraction to those who like an intellectual treat. A three-act comedy, "From Grave to Gay," and "Petticoat Parliament; or, Woman's Suffrage," occupy the stage at present. Mr. Mark Lemon's witty piece, "Petticoat Parliament," is mirth-provoking, and will be popular. The manager of this house has been wise to rely rather upon talent than tinsel.

ST. JAMES'S.—Here the great attraction was Mr. John S. Clarke. That Mr. Clarke is a very remarkable actor is admitted on all hands. He established the piece called "The Widow's Hunt," and to "make a piece" in these days is a feat to be proud of, more especially so when the play itself is bald and meagre. We cannot wonder that the house is crowded nightly, for "The Needful," which we shall notice shortly, has succeeded Mr. Clarke's performance.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Mr. Boucicault's new play, "How She Loves Him," is the chief attraction at Miss Wilton's pretty little house. There are many opinions about "How She Loves Him." Though we can speak in terms of high praise of the dialogue, which is well sustained and spirited, we are of opinion that it is not one of Mr. Boucicault's happiest efforts, and must not be called a worthy successor to "Caste" and "Ours." The stage business is absurd at times, and the piece requires judicious revision.

NEW QUEEN'S.—Mr. Alfred Wigan, the lessee of this handsome and commodious theatre, has thought fit to produce "Dearer than Life." The piece is splendidly mounted, and the acting good. "The Birthplace of Podgers" serves to introduce the old Adelphi favourite, Mr. J. L. Toole, who is comic, of course, but, strange to say, pathetic also. Country cousins should visit the Queen's. It would be a relief after a course of pantomimes.

NEW ROYALTY.—Mr. Burnand's comedy of "Humbug," with the evergreen burlesque, "Black-Eyed Susan," hold possession of the boards of the time-honoured Soho theatre. "Humbug" is well worth seeing, and we were pleased to find the management well supported by an overflowing house.

NEW SURREY.—"The Fair One with the Golden Locks," is the title of the pantomime at this theatre. As a rule, a play-goer is not very exacting when he crosses the water, and critics are wont to be lenient when dealing with transpontine places of amusement; but when an entertainment sinks below the level of mediocrity, it is only fair to the public to point out the significant fact. The authors of the pantomime, who facetiously style themselves the "Brothers Wag," have exhausted all their humour in the invention of their designation. No one would recognise the fairy tale in its Surrey—we ought to say sorry—garb. In the ballet, a quantity of peacocks' feathers are introduced with little or no effect, and the transformation scene, Neptune's homage to Britannia, though tolerably painted, is badly constructed and arranged. The streams of water have a cold effect at this time of the year, which no amount of coloured fire could dissipate. The scene is certainly showy, but in these days not even a transpontine audience mistakes the gaudy for the beautiful. Music-hall songs are introduced *ad nauseam*, while wit is conspicuous by its absence. The clown and pantomime business is very poor, and certainly not up to the transpontine average.

VICTORIA.—"Charles the Second and Pretty Nell Gwynne" is the title of a really well-arranged and clever pantomime. Indeed, the Christmas fare at this house, is very much superior to anything we had expected to see in the neighbourhood of the New-cut. Mr. Cave makes a capital Oliver Cromwell. The grand transformation scene, "The Dawn of Day," comprises five distinct changes, all meritorious, the climax being especially beautiful. We can advise our readers to lay their prejudices—if they have any—on one side and go to see the Victoria pantomime.

## FRENCH HOSPITAL.

A DINNER was given on Saturday evening, at Verrey's Cafe, Regent-street, in aid of a London hospital open to all foreigners speaking the French language, when the chair was taken by M. Devaux. A French dispensary, established in 1861, has rendered gratuitous medical aid to more than 7,000 sick and indigent persons, and last year it was determined to found a hospital, in order to complete the work commenced in the dispensary, and to offer to those speaking the French tongue the succour which the Germans have for many years provided for persons of that nation. The French Government promised an annual grant, and the appeal to the French in London was so generously responded to that the committee felt justified in beginning operations at once, by hiring a commodious house at the corner of Lisle-street and Leicester-place, in the centre of the French quarter, where patients are attended by two French physicians of eminence. Amongst the subscriptions which have been already received are the following:—The French Embassy, £48; Notre Dame de France (Leicester-square), £50; le Comte de Paris, £42; Duc de Chartres, £42; Duc de Nemours, Duc d'Alençon, Princess Marguerite d'Orléans, £52; Prince de Joinville, £42; Duc d'Aumale (annual subscription), £100; Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, £10; Duchess of Newcastle, £50; Madame Hope, £50; Baroness Meyer de Rothschild, £10; and MM Devaux et Cie., £25. It appeared from the statement of M. Rimmel, the hon. secretary, that the hospital and dispensary are under the same roof, and offer to patients the advantage of a consultation-hall, a pharmacy perfectly organised, fourteen beds, and four chambers allotted to persons who, having some small resources, may be able to pay a moderate weekly sum towards their maintenance. It was also announced that the French and other residents at Hongkong had remitted a sum of 5,000fr. for the hospital through M. de Neuwitz, Chancellor of the Consulate.

MR. DOULTON, M.P., AND THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.—On Tuesday a special meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works was held in the Board-room, Spring-gardens, Sir John Thwaites in the chair, to proceed with the investigation on the matters mentioned in Mr. Furness's evidence before the Registrar, in relation to his bankruptcy. The meeting was one of the whole Board Committee. Witnesses having been examined, a long and animated discussion took place, but the representatives of the press were refused admission, a motion to open the doors having been negatived. The further consideration of the subject was adjourned.



### "THE UNSPOKEN WORDS."

FEAR, the parent of cruelty, is a dangerous adviser. The *Times*, evoking the spirits of Tom the Devil and the North Cork Militia, published the following atrocious letter under the above atrocious heading. Severity in checking the pranks of the Fenians is doubtless necessary, but we do not see that aught but disaster could result from the blundering injustice of martial law. However, if the desire frankly expressed by "the unspoken words" is to be ratified, why not try martial law in Clerkenwell? "The man who braved all to save Jamaica" is, happily, still *en disponibilité*; and Colonel Nelson and Mr. Brand are still in Her Majesty's service.

### THE UNSPOKEN WORDS.

(To the Editor of the *Times*.)

Sir,—Within the last fortnight a phrase has come to the lips of hundreds of Englishmen, and died away unuttered.

They have seen the elements at work of a twofold war—a civil and a foreign war; foreigners urging and leading disaffected Irishmen to the perpetration of acts at once seditious and murderous. They have seen the increasing weakness of the civil magistrates and civil procedure in the face of this growing menace. They have but one remedy for it possible in Ireland. They have whispered, "Martial law," but as yet they have not dared to give these words full utterance. Why is this? Because the cruel and cowardly treatment of Mr. Eyre is in their memories. A cowardly Secretary of State, with his dastardly colleagues, gave up to the fury of leagues and conventicles a man who braved all to save Jamaica. The men who now tremble at undeveloped dangers of Fenianism are haunted by the memory of their own part in that miserable persecution, and dare not ask boldly for that which they know can alone save Ireland. Yet I venture to say that, were martial law proclaimed to-morrow in Ireland, every well-affected Englishman would be thankful. —I am, Sir, your obedient servant, A BRITON.

### BUSHIRE, ON THE PERSIAN GULF.

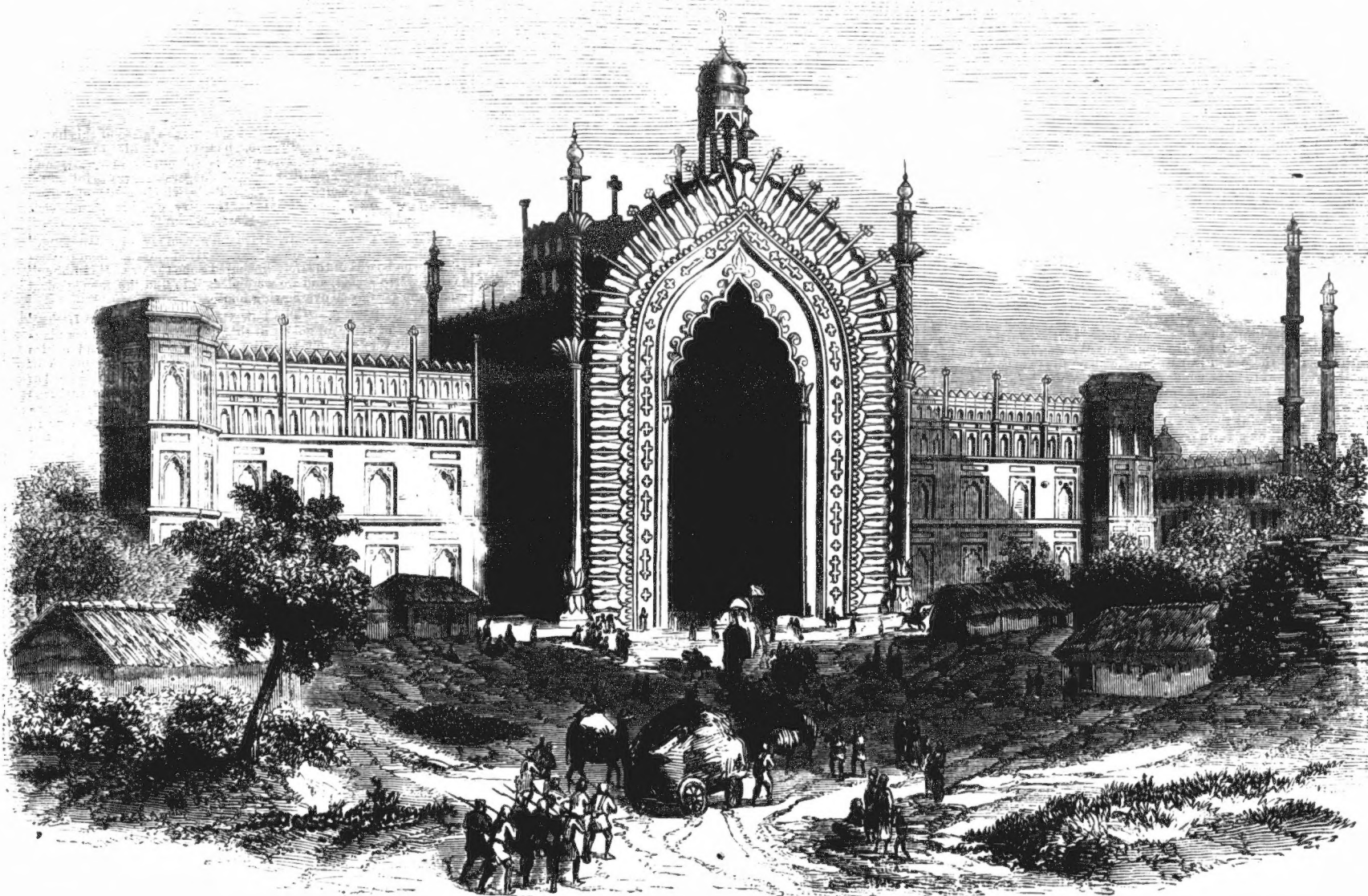
THIS sea-port town of Persia is situated on the Persian Gulf, and, with the exception of Bassorah, is its principal port. The town is surrounded on all sides by water, except on the south, where a mud wall has been built across the isthmus, between the bay and the sea. Viewed from the sea it has rather a handsome appearance; but it is, however, a mean and wretched place, with little life or bustle in it. There are a few good dwellings for the merchants. Some of these have "baudgeers" (as seen in our illustration), that is, wind-catchers, or spires of a square form, open at each side, and which, acting as a funnel, and admitting the air from every quarter, ventilate and cool the houses. In dry weather the dust and flies are an intolerable nuisance, and the water is bad. In the outer roads there is good anchorage; but in the inner roads there are numerous sandbanks, so that vessels of large size do not approach the town.

### MRS. STIRLING.

THIS talented and well-known actress, whose portrait graces our first page, was born in Queen-street, May Fair. Her father, Captain Hehl (pronounced Hale), was of German origin. Early in life she was sent to France to be educated in a convent, to which circumstance Mrs. Stirling owes the purity of her French pronunciation. When very young, without advice or assistance, she applied to a manager of an East-end house for an engagement, stating that she had never appeared on the stage, but that she felt she could act. The manager, charmed with her manner and artlessness, gave her a trial, and in less than a month she was successful, and entered on a regular engagement. While here she married Mr. Edward Stirling, then playing the role of "walking gentleman." Both now took engagements together, and became popular favourites. They then visited the provinces, and on their

### MURDER OF A FAMILY AND SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER.

A TERRIBLE series of murders has just been committed by a telegraph clerk named Zohrer, employed at Bodenbach. This man had either received notice of a large fortune having been left him, or imagined such was the case, for it is not yet ascertained which is the fact; at all events he obtained leave of absence, and removed with his family to Vienna. The family consisted of Madame Thérèse Zohrer, 31 years of age, Gustave, eight, Ferdinanda, two, and Otto, a baby of four months old, besides two female servants, viz., a *femme de chambre*, named Barbara Preisler, and a nurse. The family put up at the Golden Cross, in the Widen suburb, where they took two rooms, communicating with one another by a folding door. In one of these rooms slept the two servants—Barbara Preisler, having with her in bed Ferdinanda, the little girl, and the nurse taking the baby, Otto. In the other room Zohrer and his wife slept; their eldest child, Gustave, occupying a small bed near their own. Early on the third morning after their arrival the female servants were awakened by screaming in the next room, and Barbara Preisler got up, and, as she was entering Zohrer's bed-room, received two blows from a life preserver. Shrieking for help, she fled from the rooms, accompanied by the nurse. Immediately afterwards several reports of fire arms were heard. One of the servants of the hotel was sent off to the Primarius, Dr. Divatl, who went straight to the rooms occupied by the Zohrer family, preceded by two chambermaids, with lighted candles. As soon as the door was opened both women screamed aloud, and dropping their candles, rushed downstairs, leaving Dr. Divatl in total darkness. The doctor felt his way as well as he could out of the room, and succeeded in finding the landlord of the hotel, who accompanied him back to the room, where the first object that met their eyes was the corpse of the little girl Ferdinanda, lying in a large pool of blood, shot through the head; hard by was the still breathing body of the infant, Otto,



SKETCHES IN INDIA.—THE ROOME DURWAZEE GATE, AT LUCKNOW.

### THE FUNCTION OF TORYISM.

THE Tories perform a useful function in the political world, and we should be grateful to them when they do their work thoroughly. They have often resisted so obstinately that every intellectual and moral aspect of the questions discussed is exhausted before they are beaten: some of the least obstinate have been converted in person; and even the others are aware that their children must learn to think differently from themselves if they are to be of any political use in the world. Thus their resistance really does secure permanently the ground won by the Liberals; whereas if there had been no such protracted resistance, the victory won one year might be lost again the next, and the policy of the country be like the policy of so many other great States, pendulous, instead of regular in its advance. Progress against a steady and organised resistance is no doubt slow, but then it is exempt from reaction. The Tories, however unsuccessful in resisting change, at least succeed in preventing oscillation. In the case of the late Reform Bill, however, the Tories really flinched from their work. They did not resist to the last. They did not go on fighting till many of their own ranks were converted, and the country ensured against any rebound of the pendulum. Instead of really fulfilling their true function as a party of resistance, and at least delaying the progress of Reform till the force applied was sufficient to overcome their obstruction, they suddenly removed the break and even put on steam just as the train was approaching the incline. The result has been, no doubt, official success, but a great party failure. Every one feels that they have not done what they profess to do in the way of resisting and delaying and minimising change, and that the result has been a reform as to which the country is far from easy in its own mind.—*Spectator*.

return to London, Mrs. Stirling soon became an especial favourite, and has well maintained her position up to the present. She is now fulfilling an engagement at the Olympic.

### SKETCHES IN INDIA.—THE ROOME DURWAZEE GATE, AT LUCKNOW.

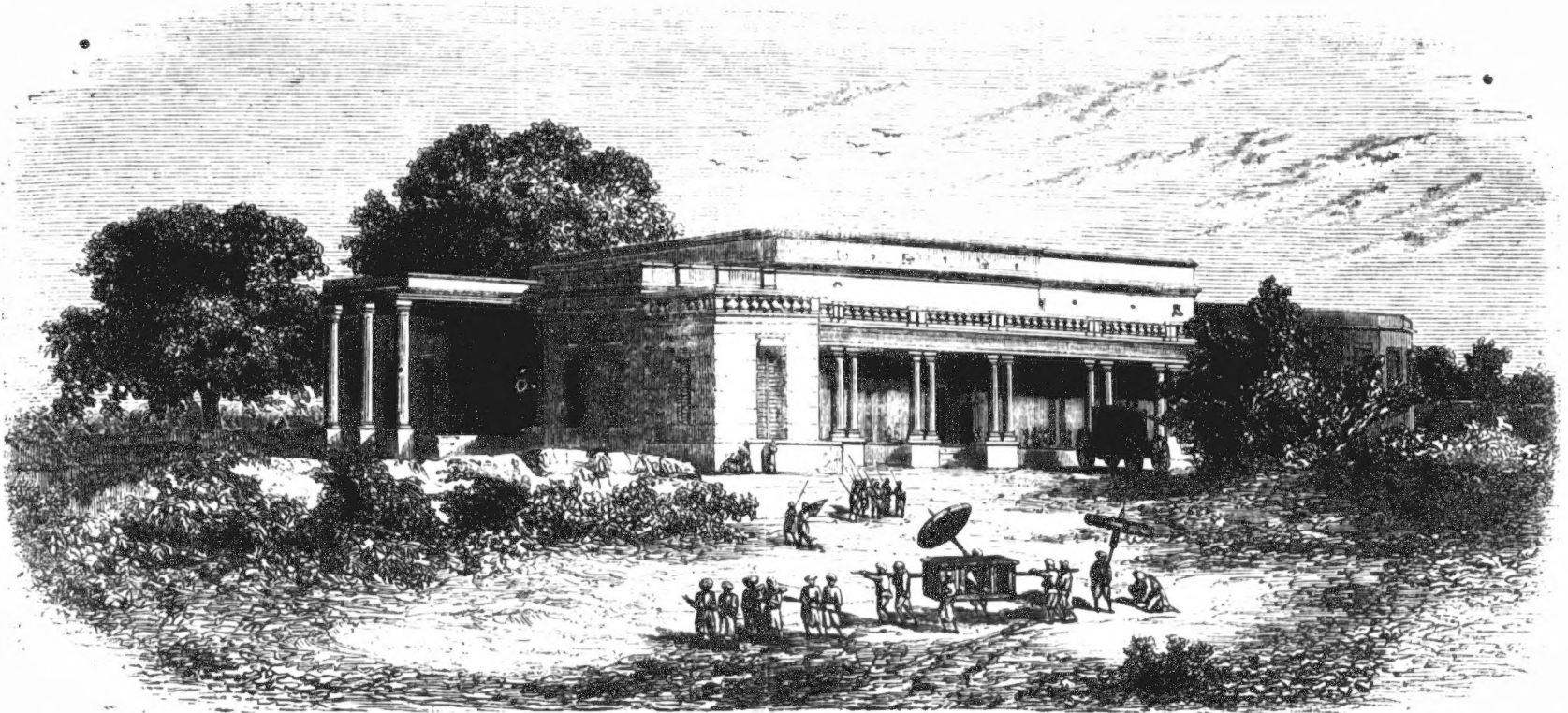
THIS gate, shown in our engraving, is also called the Constantinople Gate, and is one of the principal entrances of Lucknow. It is of massive structure, great strength, and highly ornamented. The view of the city through this gate is represented as one of great splendour and magnificence.

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farrington-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheapside.—[ADVT.]

also shot through the head. On entering the other room they stepped into a lake of blood, in which a six-barrelled revolver was lying, and found the body of Madame Zohrer, her skull blown to pieces, lying by the side of the bed, and in a corner of the room the corpse of Zohrer himself, shot through the forehead and the heart. The eldest boy was presently found, almost dead with fear, hidden under the counterpane of the bed. This child had also received two wounds, one in the neck, and one in the head, the skull being fractured. As soon as he had recovered himself a little he told the bystanders that his father first fired at him, the bullet passing through his neck, and then struck him on the head with a club; that he had clung to his father's knees and begged for mercy, and after that he remembered nothing more. The female servant Preisler, and the two dying children were removed to the hospital, where the woman was shortly afterwards delivered of a child. Hopes are entertained of saving her life. It is generally believed that Zohrer was out of his mind when he committed this triple murder and suicide. Great doubts, on the other hand, are entertained whether the inheritance, which is at the bottom of his guilt and horror, ever existed anywhere except in the brain of the unfortunate man himself.

At the Nottingham Police-court, Francis Hattewell was charged with garotting Mr. Henry Clarke in that town. The prosecutor was returning home late at night, when he was attacked by two men. The first struck him a tremendous blow under the chin, from which he fell, and they then both kicked him most savagely. Blood flowed freely, and he was becoming insensible, when assistance came up, and the ruffians made off. The prisoner, however, was pursued and captured. A valuable watch belonging to the prosecutor was nearly smashed to pieces in the struggle. The prisoner was committed for trial at the assizes.





THE ENGLISH HOTEL, BENARES.

## WHY THE FRENCH TROOPS LEFT ROME.

WHY did Napoleon at last consent to withdraw his troops from Rome? Because by so doing he made a yet worse and more dangerous position for the Italian Government, while gaining a certain amount of very much needed political capital for himself. In fact the position made by the Convention of the 15th September for the Italian Government was so utterly false and mischievous a one that it was foreseen from the first that it would be absolutely untenable. The Italian ministry of that day would probably have done better had they refused to accept the Grecian gift proffered to them. But the temptation of getting rid of the presence of French soldiers at Rome at any price was too great to be resisted. How little has been gained to Italy from the concession obtained at so great a cost the recent events have shown. But the sagacity of the Emperor—always on the theory which we are supporting, that what he mainly wishes with regard to Italy is, that it should be split up again into fragments—has been in this matter at least justified. The last fruits of the September Convention have gone nearer towards very seriously risking such a catastrophe than is perhaps generally known. It is very generally believed in Italy by the adversaries of the party of action—the moderates, and government men of different shades—that had Garibaldi succeeded in seizing Rome, he would not have done so for the profit of the present Italian Government and the present Italian monarch;—that he would not have repeated on this occasion the self-sacrificing, or in any case the loyal role which he performed at Naples; but would have made his success a stepping-stone to the raising of the Republican flag in the south. And it may perhaps be assumed that Garibaldi does not feel now towards the monarchy of the House of Savoy quite as he did at the time of his former exploit. Nevertheless, we are not disposed to believe that Garibaldi would have acted otherwise than as a loyal son of Italy as she is at present constituted. But we do believe that very serious danger would have existed, and that such a turn as has been indicated might have been given to any revolutionary success.—*Saint Pauls.*

## THE ENGLISH HOTEL AT BENARES.

THE English hotel at Benares, of which we give a view, was in the first instance built for a bank, and it is a fair specimen of the European buildings in India. They are generally very indifferent specimens of the Grecian order, and are altogether wanting in that elegance of ornamental detail so remarkable in Indian architecture. The Benares Hotel is perhaps the best establishment of the kind in the North-Western Provinces, and is conducted with a liberality almost equal to that which has made Spence's hotel so famous at Calcutta.

## AMASERAH, ON THE BLACK SEA.

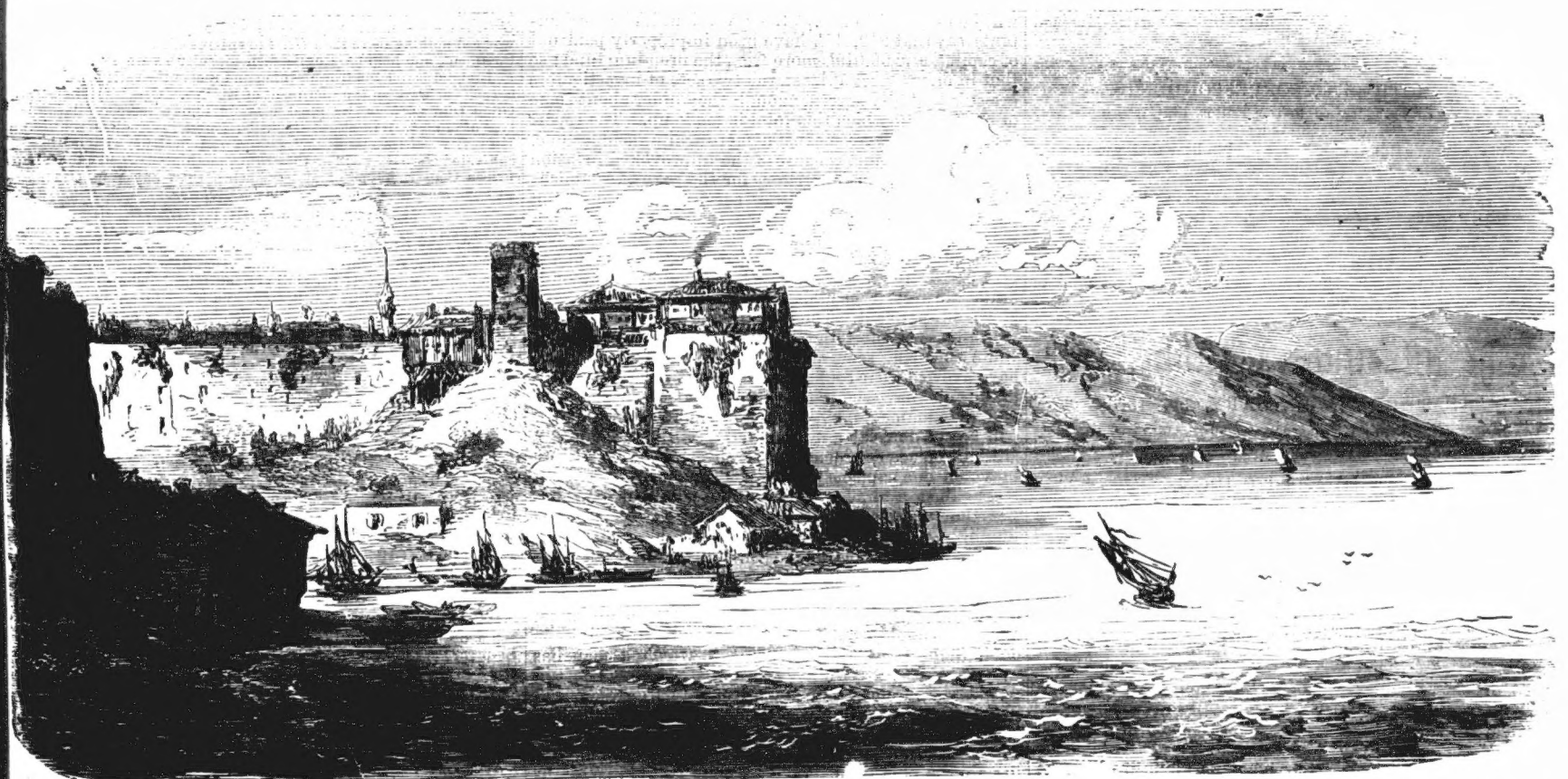
AMASERAH, as our engraving represents, is situated on a rocky peninsula, and distant from Erekl, a town of some importance on the coast, about sixty miles in a north-easterly direction. Its population numbers somewhere about eight hundred inhabitants. It has a bay of some considerable magnitude and importance on its east side, where vessels anchor in three or four fathoms of water. There is a considerable trade in timber carried on by the merchants of the place, and the antiquarian visitor feels an interest in surveying the remains of the Temple of Neptune, with ruins of a later date. Otherwise, there is little of any special interest to attract the attention of strangers.

**THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD.**—When the blood is impure the whole body suffers. Then come indigestion, lowness of spirits, loss of flesh, nervousness, and a general feeling of discomfort. A course of "THE BLOOD PURIFIER," OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SASSAPARILLA acts specifically on the blood, purifying it of all vitiated humours. The digestion becomes easy, the spirits buoyant, the body regains its strength, and the mind its tranquillity. Sold by all druggists. Chief Depot, 131, Fleet-street. *Caution—Get the red and blue wrappers with the Old Doctor's head in the centre; no other genuine.*—[ADVT.]

## RUFFIANISM AT HOME AND ABROAD.

As to the comparison between ourselves and our neighbours in the matter of uncontrolled ruffianism,—between ourselves and the French or the Americans—we again found ourselves involved in similar difficulties. To make any comparison of avail we should take the cities of Paris and New York, and ascertain whether in them life and property are less safe than in London. No other cities can afford ground for such comparison,—even if such is given by Paris and New York,—for the scoundrelism of the earth will of course gather itself together where wealth and numbers offer it the best chance of a livelihood. In the little town of Muzzlegoose on the Downs, with which we are connected, street violence is unknown, although a Muzzlegoose butcher was hung some years back for sticking his knife into a young woman who would not become his sweetheart. When we were in the thick of these inquiries, there came to be that ill-timed march of militiamen through the north of London, and they who are loudest in pointing out to us that we have fallen upon bad and violent times had a great deal to say about that. The roughs seem to have had a day of it, and though we again could not find any personal acquaintances who had materially suffered, no doubt a great many ruffians had been enabled to come together, and to set the police for a time at defiance. But it occurred to us that even within our own time there had been rows of a much worse description both in Paris and in New York;—rows which must have gone much further in making the timid portion of the population afraid to walk abroad.—*Saint Pauls.*

**ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.**—The secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT and MAY'S patent safety matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These safety matches are very generally sold by grocers, oilmen, &c.



AMASERAH, ON THE BLACK SEA.



## THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Goose with the Golden Eggs—The Babes in the Wood. Seven.  
 DRURY LANE.—Honeydove's Troubles—Faw, Fee, Fo, Fum. Seven.  
 HAYMARKET.—Family Jars—A Wife Well Won—An Utter Perfection of the Brigid. Seven.  
 ADELPHI.—Up for the Cattle Show—No Thoroughfare. Seven.  
 OLYMPIC.—Petticoat Parliament—From Grave to Gay—If I Had a Thousand a Year. Seven.  
 PRINCESS'S.—The Colleen Bawn—The Streets of London. Seven.  
 LYCEUM.—Farce—Cook Robin and Jenny Wren. Seven.  
 ST. JAMES'S.—Is He Jealous?—The Needful—The Young Widow. Seven.  
 STRAND.—Kind to a Fault—The Caliph of Bagdad—Our Domestic. Seven.  
 NEW QUEEN'S.—He's a Lunatic—Dearer Than Life—The Birthplace of Podgers. Seven.  
 ST. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—The Contrabandista—Ching-Chow-Hi. Half-past Seven.  
 HOLBORN.—The Two Polts—Valentine and Orson. Seven.  
 NEW ROYALTY.—Humbug—The Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan—Highly Improbable. Half-past Seven.  
 PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot—(At Eight) How She Loves Him—Box and Cox.  
 SURREY.—The Fair One with the Golden Locks—Jane Eyre. Seven.  
 SADLER'S WELLS.—Little Red Riding Hood. Seven.  
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—HOLBORN.—Equestrianism. Two and Half-past Seven.  
 STANDARD.—Oranges and Lemons, said the Bells of St. Clement's. Seven.  
 MARYLEBONE.—Little Bo-Peep who Lost Her Sheep. Seven.  
 NEW EAST LONDON.—Robin Hood and His Merry Men. Seven.  
 BRITANNIA.—Don Quixote—Who Did It? Quarter to Seven.  
 CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.  
 POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.  
 INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, Pall Mall.—Winter Exhibition of Sketches and Drawings.  
 FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—Fifteenth Annual Winter Exhibition. Half-past Nine till Four.  
 GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment. Eight.  
 ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels. Three and Eight.  
 ST. JAMES'S HALL.—London Ballad Concerts. Eight.  
 EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabe's Entertainment, "Begone Dull Care." Three and Eight.  
 EGYPTIAN HALL.—Gustave's Dore's Great Paintings. Eleven till Nine.  
 AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Grand Equestrian Entertainment, &c. Two and Half-past Seven.  
 ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.  
 ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Two and Eight.  
 MADAME TUSSAUD'S, Baker-street.—Waxwork Exhibition.  
 VICTORIA.—Charles the Second and Pretty Nell Gwynne—The Dawn at Day. Seven.

## THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

## 1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

## 2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

WALTER McDONALD.—We are glad to hear that you like the story of "The Poisoner's Daughter." It is vigorously written and deservedly popular.

LECTERN.—You have confounded one name with another.

H. THORNEY.—Ask any publisher.

FIDE.—Send a few as a sample.

J. MAN.—All nonsense. We do not believe in astrologers.

SPORTSMAN.—Thanks for your offer. There is nothing going on at present in the sporting world, and we should not think of establishing a paid sporting correspondent.

## The Illustrated Weekly News.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1868.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

## THE AGE OF IRON.

VERY gloomy must be the prospect of shareholders in some of the best even of our railway companies. A mild two and a half per cent. is certainly better than no dividend at all, but it is not gratifying to men who have indulged visions of an El Dorado, to receive a paltry sum for the investment of money which would have been so much more productive if bestowed in other quarters. As a rule, railway companies have to blame their directors for involving them in ruinous competitions with other existing or embryo lines, and for establishing loops and extensions, which are totally uncalled-for by the exigencies of existing traffic. Why is the Midland in difficulties? Simply through its extravagance. What is the cause of the wretched tangle into which the affairs of the Great Eastern are plunged? The grossest mismanagement, which has extended over many years. But if railway revelations, like other misfortunes, are

went to come in company, we suppose it is only in accordance with the natural theory of chances that encouraging symptoms should now and then manifest themselves simultaneously in several different quarters. The year 1866 was a bad one for everybody, but its successor was very much worse, at least so far as railway shares and shareholders were concerned. In 1866, when limited liability shareholders were in daily dread of calls, railway proprietors complacently shook hands with themselves, for having had foresight enough to put their money into something which partook of the solidity of the land on which the permanent way was laid, rather than into banking and trading corporations whose money came and went, no one knew how. But in 1867 this was greatly changed, and drop after drop took place, till practical men began to think that ordinary shares were only illusory securities, whose dividend was an infinitesimal and every decreasing quantity. Without denying that a few months ago it seemed as if a good deal might be said in favour of this view, it is consolatory to have to note three rather strong indications of recovery within as many days. We allude, of course, to the Great Eastern's general meeting, to the policy foreshadowed by the Midland's provincial shareholders, and to the nature of the report, which, after nearly three months' preparation, has just been issued by the Caledonian Committee of Investigation. This highly-important document came last in order of time, but it is unquestionably first in importance. For weeks past we have heard all manner of alarming and alarmist rumours as to the nature of the disclosures to be expected when the committee had concluded their labours. The most disastrous precedents that the history of embarrassed railways could furnish were constantly cited, as foreshadowing the dismal stories which we were doomed to hear about the ill-fated Caledonian. Accounts, it was said, had been cooked to a frightful extent. Revenue and capital had been mixed up together till they had got into a state of hopeless entanglement. The charge for renewal of rolling stock was excessive, therefore it had been used as a cover for all sorts of irregularities. That for maintaining the permanent way was low, therefore the way was out of condition and must be repaired at an enormous cost, or the expense of keeping it in repair had been charged to capital so as to maintain a fictitious show of prosperity. Whatever might be the details, the gross result, it was oracularly asserted, would be to bring the line down to a condition of embarrassment as serious as that of the London, and Brighton, or possibly as complete as that of some other lines whose affairs are now conducted through the medium of Chancery receivers. The Committee's Report must be accepted as a refutation of a great deal of this wild talk, and it will be all the more authoritative because of the judicial attitude which the investigators have assumed. They do not go in for sensation, and they set forth, with a fullness which we shall not here attempt to imitate, not only their conclusions, but the reasoning by which they have arrived at them. The result is, that the past mismanagement is neither wholly absolved nor wholly condemned. The black is not so black, nor the white so very white. Starting from the 31st of July, 1865, the date of the amalgamation with the Scottish Central, they find that 312,703l. has been improperly paid away in dividends—a large sum truly, but much less than many persons had represented it, and one which is happily capable of considerable reduction. The accountants do not entirely agree in the views taken by the committee, but after the exhaustive inquiries which the latter have made, we imagine that both the public and the proprietary will be disposed to accept their version. The accountants say that 219,114l. have been improperly paid out of capital, and 90,019l. more from the premium fund; so that in one respect at least, the two sets of investigators are substantially agreed, though they differ about some of the items of which this total is made up. The report is, however, by no means a mere whitewashing one. It speaks with just censure of the unprovoked invasion of another company's territory for the sake of establishing a steam-boat and railway service which does not pay its expenses. Calculations, made "on severe but just principles," show that the line was able to pay a dividend of 5l. 2s. for the year ending July, 1866, and 2l. 18s. 2d. in its successor, while even on the accountants' figures it should have paid 4l. 10s. 1d. and 2l. 2s. 4d. per cent. The directors have expressed their willingness to meet the shareholders, and the latter, while censuring some parts of their directors' conduct, have avowed their confidence in the future of the undertaking, and have suggested postponements, suspensions, and abandonments, by which the 5,000,000l. asked for will be cut down to a million and a half. Of course it is well to place confidence in the directors of a company in which one happens to be a shareholder, but we protest against a blind persistence in a transcendental belief that a director is from the fact of his position infallible. It is the duty of shareholders to watch narrowly the acts of the board, and to criticise their conduct fearlessly in open meeting. Shareholders should never forget that they have the power of placing a great check upon the extravagance of the directors, and they should exercise their right to be heard in condemnation, if necessary. A line in which a man has invested is, to a certain extent, his property; and if people were to look a little more closely after their property and not trust everything to others who are proved to be incompetent, much disappointment and vexation would be avoided. We are unfeignedly pleased to note the improvement which seems about to be established in our railways, and we hope that this class of security may again find its former favour with careful and longheaded investors.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

## THE ECONOMIC EFFECTS OF FENIANISM.

THE great sources of English prosperity can no more be affected by the Fenian attempts at fire-raising and assassination than the prosperity of India could be affected by the rise of Thuggee, the most formidable society, perhaps, ever known, but which, nevertheless, was crushed. Abroad it seems to be supposed that the Fenian spirit indicates an increased possibility of rebellion in Ireland, or even a vague chance of the ultimate loss of that country. One may dismiss the last idea in a very few words. It is our moral duty to keep Ireland; but our economic interest is by no means strong on that side. Ireland costs as much or more than she brings, and her independence as a completely separate State would be no more a danger for us than the independence of France, which, with sixty times her power, is just one-fourth her distance off. An Irish Channel fleet would not cost what the garrison of Ireland costs even in cash, and we should be without her a homogeneous people of twenty-five millions. The question of rebellion is more immediate, and it is because rebellion in Ireland is so hopeless that it is being tried in England,—that every desperado who, in London, asks a prayer for his soul because he is going to be blown up, is an instrument of revolution the less in Ireland itself. It is not when the Reds are in Geneva that Paris is dangerous to Napoleon. In Ireland, these English outrages so far from weakening the State, only serve to justify its attitude of repression in the eyes of men, who might otherwise hold repression needless or severe. So far, then, from the Clerkenwell outrage being an excuse for want of confidence in Great Britain, it ought to strengthen that confidence, as tending to increase the best ground of commercial trust, the readiness and the competence of the Government to maintain external order. As a commercial question, the riot in Hyde-park, of last year, which did not cost a life, but did weaken authority, was a hundred times as dangerous as this one, which has already cost us ten lives, but has strengthened authority tenfold.—*Economist*.

## ENGLISH STATESMEN AND IRISH GRIEVANCES.

There is a danger in the language which men like Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright use about Ireland. It is dangerous that the Irish should be almost justified in their disaffection, made to think their case quite exceptional, and be told that they can never be made happy and prosperous, and never have simple justice done them, unless something new, startling, and unheard-of is devised for their benefit. This language can only be justified on one hypothesis, that those who use it have really got definite practical measures which they are prepared to propose. If they have, they are quite right to prepare the way for them; but if not, they are only using big words at a time when big words are likely to do more than their usual amount of harm. In the next place, there is nothing to be more dreaded for Ireland than that every politician should think there is some great secret for managing it, which if he can but guess before anybody else he will deserve to be crowned with laurels, and have a gold statue erected him. One of the crazes about Ireland that is most noxious is that there is in the abyss of things some great Carlylean, Cromwellian remedy for all its evils, which any one person who gets up a little Irish history or makes a month's tour in Connaught is as likely to find out as another. This is a sort of nonsense which is all very well in its place, but in real politics we want men to take up the question of Ireland who proceed in a totally different way; and the time may now be said to be come when it is the duty of men like the two leaders of the Liberal party in the House of Commons to separate themselves from mere seers of visions and dreamers of dreams, and to state in plain language what England, with all the best will in the world, can really do for Ireland.—*Saturday Review*.

## MR. GRANT DUFF.

If there is any criticism to be passed on Mr. Grant Duff's political conduct, it is rather that, having an intellect so thoroughly independent of party, he has nevertheless felt party ties so strong; as to vote with the Liberals on every question on which they take a party vote at all, without reference to his own clearer insight. What Mr. Grant Duff really does represent is that discursive sort of political intellect which knows so well its own complete emancipation from English prejudice that it is afraid to act on any individual opinion which would separate him from his party, lest the occasions of difference should become too many, and his weight in the House be frittered away in consequence. Whether or not this is a defect of character, it might be turned to considerable account if he could be pressed into the service of the Liberal Government in relation to foreign affairs. Mr. Grant Duff's knowledge of the different States of Europe is probably wider than that of any other member of the Lower House, but his strength in the Foreign Office would be his European catholicity of intellect. *Geist* is clearly not the quality by which to rule England; but we need nothing more than *Geist* to enlarge our relations with the Continent, and help us Englishmen—insofar as we still are—to understand better the true meaning and root of the various political agencies at work on the Continent of Europe. Great as are Mr. Grant Duff's defects, we must concede him a more continental type of mind than is elsewhere to be found in English politics. His reviews of European affairs represent in tone, and in their cultivated German basis of thought, something more like the late Prince Consort's type of statesmanship than anything else we have recently seen in England.—*Spectator*.

## MARTIAL LAW FOR IRELAND.

We protest against the proposal of a correspondent of the *Times* to apply martial law to Ireland. For the sake of English spirit and character, this whisper of blind vengeance must meet with stern denunciation. If the civil arm, sustained and obeyed by the military and fortified by all the loyal and peace-loving millions of this realm, be not enough to save Ireland from her Fenian enemies till we have time to do her legislative justice, then already she is lost to us. The proclamation of drum-head courts throughout her districts would not be a resource of order—it would be the confession of failure; the departure of hope. Such counsel to the Government is the counsel of cowardice. Not only is there no such necessity as that suggested, but no prospect of such a necessity. We have had outrages and alarms; and the state of Ireland is disquieting. But two-thirds of all the effects of Fenianism are due to politicians like this anonymous "Briton." Let the voice of law be steadily and sternly heard, and let it be everywhere enforced, not deposed, by the other powers of the kingdom. Meantime, let Ireland hear and possess as soon as possible the details of the justice which Parliament hastens to offer.—*Telegraph*.

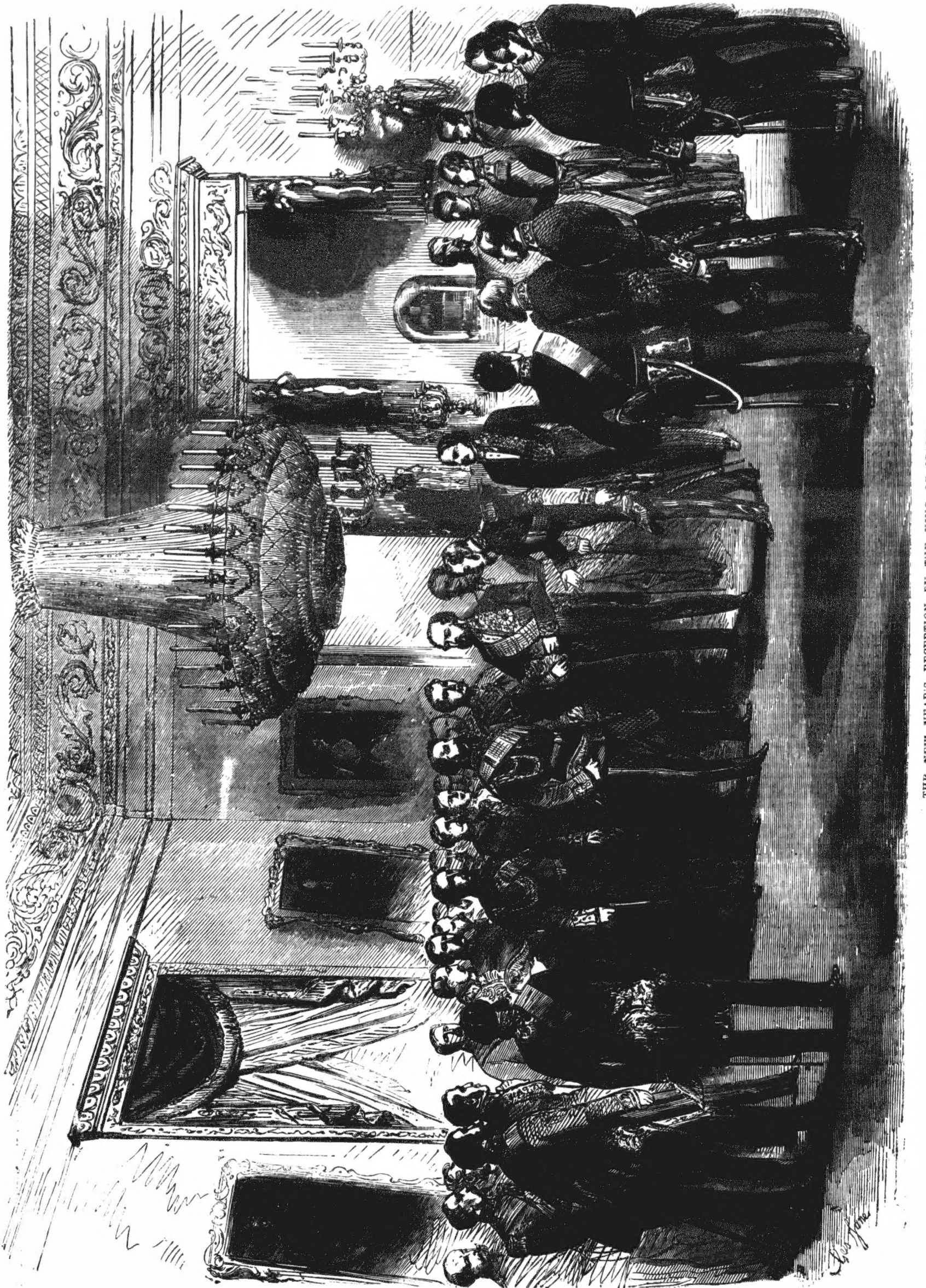
## THE FRENCH MILITARY CONSPIRACY AGAINST EUROPE.

The real object of the scheme for re-organizing the French army is to provide France with an army fit for immediate fighting of three-quarters of a million of men. Frenchmen must give up all hopes of internal liberty, and Europe all hope of peace. The Emperor very probably sees the dangers which such an army may bring on the Empire. But his marshals have been too strong for him. They laugh down all ideas of having in the main a defensive army. They are entirely indifferent to the interests of civil liberty; they do not mind the jealousy of civilians; what they want is a vast armed force, by means of which France may be able to do pretty nearly as she likes in Europe; and if they get three-quarters of a million of men ready for battle, and half a million more behind them, they firmly hope, in the expressive language of Yankeeedom, that they shall be able to "whop creation." As for the peace of Europe, we may look on that as gone.—*Saturday Review*.









THE NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION BY THE KING OF ITALY.





THE ENTRY OF BOLINGBROKE INTO LONDON.

## The Baddington Heirage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

### CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.) THE NIGHT COMETH.

SHE pointed again to Gervase as she spoke; but the master of the house, though his lips moved, and his knees shook, seemed utterly unable to utter one word, or to move one pace. A storm of exclamations and expostulations broke from the outraged company. Mr. Falcon must be ill. The bride was fainting; the bride's mother in hysterics! The woman was mad! Something must be done! What were the servants about? Where were the constables? But none of them came near her for all that.

"Hear me, every one of you!" she said, dropping on her knees. "Come nearer, you cowards! Come here, you whimpering girls! Where's that white-headed old sinner that calls himself a lord?"

There was a stir at this pointed allusion to Lord Viscount Baddington; and a feeble voice from the remote background, where his lordship was ensconced behind several tiers of gabions and fascines of bridesmaids, made itself heard to the effect, that the woman ought to be ashamed of herself, that he wondered what Falcon meant by it, and that he would be obliged if somebody would order his carriage.

"Order a hangman's cart for you all, fine gentlemen and fine madams," the woman cried, still on her knees. "You shall listen to me. You don't know who I am! I'll tell you. I've held my tongue for twenty years, but I'll speak now!"

She rose to her feet again as she said this, and stood up, but reeling as she stood.

"I'll speak," she went on. "God knows it, and man shall know it. I'll have it published to the four ends of the earth. They shall all know, all know—every one of them, one of 'em v'm. They shall know—why not, eh? Why not? *Les' av a' rop o' rum.*"

So she ended, and fell down flat on the floor in a tipsy stupor. And the master of the house raised his head again.

At this moment a tremendous double knock resounded through the hall, and Enry, who with Tummas had started off, in obedience to orders, in quest of surgeons, arrived panting but successful, having for the nonce in the handsomest manner replaced the sable-liveried lacqueys of Mr. Fleem, of the Royal College of Surgeons, and ridden behind that eminent practitioner's carriage to Grosvenor-square.

Mr. Fleem, Fellow of the Royal College, &c., was a gentleman of such mild, soothing, comfortable manner, that he might have been described as an Emulsion in glossy broadcloth. He had a peculiar, quiet, soliloquising interjection, too, of "T-t-ttttt," which he was continually confiding to his snowy shirt-frill in a soft whisper which was quite a composing draught in itself, and had been found, in its time, of infinite comfort and relief to its extensive circle of patients. A mild man, Fleem, a gentle creature, as delightful a companion as ever cut off a leg, or burnt holes in a friend's leg with caustic.

There was nothing serious the matter, Mr. Fleem said. Oh dear, no! Such unavoidable accidents would occur. Similar extraordinary intrusions had taken place at the Lord Bishop of Bosfureus's town mansion. Quite unavoidable. A pity, perhaps, that the servants had not interfered to prevent the poor de-

mented creature's entrance; but all was doubtless for the best. A disturbance in the street would have been, under the circumstances, and in front of the residence of Mr. Fleem's friend, Mr. Falcon's eminently respectable residence, even more painful. Oh dear, yes! As to the poor woman, she certainly was ill (he had done fifty things for the poor woman all in a quiet noiseless way by this time). Epilepsy; no, he should not say epilepsy: incipient *delirium tremens*, more probable. Had been conversing incoherently, eh? Wandering, of course? Just so. Thank you. Wildness of the eye. Dear me! However, we should see, we should see; and if you, my good fellow (John-Peter proudly pleased at being so addressed) would fetch a hackney coach, in ten minutes we will have her nicely and comfortably in St. Lazarus's Hospital.

But to the subdued astonishment of Mr. Fleem, who had seen too many wonders of nature and art in his time to be violently astonished at any thing under the eventuality of a hippopotamus performing a hornpipe, say on stilts, or on a tight rope of floss silk, and to the horror-struck consternation of the rest of the company, the master of the house sternly and positively refused his consent to the removal of the woman. She should remain there, he said, till she grew better, and he bade his servants to carry her upstairs forthwith.

"My dear Mr. Falcon, his wife reasoned, "I know that is but kind-heartedness on your part; but you can surely never allow such a creature to remain in the house!"

"My dear papa!" said the trembling, half-weeping bride—

"Falcon, my good fellow!" Lord Viscount Baddington—

"If you would only consider, sir," the bridegroom—

"Oh dear, Mr. Falcon!" a chorus of bridesmaids—

"Now, you know," Compton Guy—

"Bless my heart, my good Mr. Falcon!" Lady Tottringham—

"And I'm sorry, Sir, but which it is true, if my coat was took off my back this minnit, but cannot oblige you so to demean myself, and likewise my feller-servant subjects to carry'n' such a bag o' rags up," John-Peter said, trembling at his own audacity, but still determined to stand by the dignity of his cloth. But the master of the house was inflexible.

"Hold your tongues, you fools!" was his uncourteous rejoinder to his retainers in plush, "and help me to carry her upstairs, or get out of the way, and leave it to me and Mr. Fleem. Ladies and gentlemen, stand back, or I shall do you a mischief all of you."

And with this extraordinary remark from a devoted husband and the father of a family, who, from the earliest period of authentic record had been remarkable for being as mild a spoken gentleman as ever inhabited Grosvenor-square, John-Peter and Charles were morally coerced into lending their stalwart aid towards transporting the disreputable bag o' rags in question to one of the upper chambers of the mansion.

Brought thither of course either on some magic Arabian carpet, or aided by some Seven-League Boots, the property of the medical profession, or being in the receipt of fern-seed, and so walking invisible, there presently appeared, no one (save Mr. Fleem) knew how, a soft, straw-coloured as to hair, and raven-hued as to costume, assistant of that eminent practitioner; and before you could say "Paracelsus," the woman was quietly in bed, and a composing draught had been administered to her. She had opened her eyes and moaned once or twice during her conveyance to the bed-chamber, and had taken the draught quietly, but still seemed quite unconscious.

When they had laid her heavy head on the pillow, and the footmen being dismissed, there was no sound in the room but her

stertorous breathing and the loud ticking of the doctor's watch, the master of the house drew the searcher of the house of life into the curtained embrasure of the window. He placed his finger on his lip first, and pointed, as a measure of precaution to the straw-coloured assistant, who had appeared no one knew how, and who was now by the patient's head, bending over a table and performing feats of legerdemain with bottles and cups, procured no one knew whence.

"Secret and trusty," Mr. Fleem replied, in a low, soft whisper. "Invaluable in family matters, my dear sir. Deaf, dumb, and blind to every thing but the requirements of his art. Dear me, dear me, I don't know what I should do without Mr. Tinctop."

"I wish you," Gervase Falcon continued, with an impatient movement of his hand, "to get me a trusty nurse for this poor creature. I don't want her left night or day. She mustn't be left, Mr. Fleem, save with the nurse, or yourself, or myself."

"Or Mr. Tinctop," the surgeon blandly interposed. "Faithful creature; as I remarked before, a deaf-mute and blind to family matters."

She mustn't be left to *any body*," broke in the master of the house. "With no living soul, Mr. Fleem. I tell you she'll rave—rave, sir. Do you know a nurse you can trust?"

He asked the question so suddenly, and in such a hoarse, harsh voice that the surgeon raised his keen gray eyes to his face, with, for so mild and composed an eminent practitioner, quite an unusual expression of interest. Why did Gervase Falcon hang his head guiltily when the gray eye met his, and why did the old ashy hue come over his face again?

"Do I know a trusty nurse?" softly repeated Mr. Fleem

"Surely, my dear, sir; surely."

"I confide in you," Mr. Falcon continued, resuming his self-possession. "There is a skeleton in every house, my dear doctor as you know full well; and I entirely confide in you."

The doctor, who was aware of a complete anatomical museum in half-a-dozen adjacent private houses, of an extensive bone-house in a duke's mansion half a hundred yards off, and of materials for a complete course of lectures on osteology in a countess's boudoir in Berkeley-square, nodded his head as men will do when they hear a pleasant truism.

"You may confide in me, of course," he replied. "Tut, tut, an every-day matter. Black sheep. Disgrace to respectable families. Highly improper to alarm the ladies by the sight of such fallen creatures. Mr. Tinctop," he said to the deaf and dumb assistant, "if you will remain here and watch the case, in ten minutes you shall be relieved by Mrs. Lint. My dear sir, good morning. Thank you—gloves; ah! yes. I shall look in again in the evening."

He had taken a farewell *resumé* of the state of the patient, whispered final instructions to Mr. Tinctop, pocketed his fee, put on his gloves, trotted downstairs, slipped into his comfortable carriage, and driven away, all in his quiet, noiseless manner, but with marvellous celerity. Then Gervase Falcon, casting, too, a look upon the slumbering form on the bed, went down to join the wedding guests again.

The end of a feast—a banqueting-table when the viands have been duly consumed, and the sparkling wines duly poured down—when the merriment and speech-making are all over, and the flowers begin to fade—is, albeit an instructive, not at any time an enlivening spectacle. Mr. Gervase Falcon descended to his breakfast-parlour to find that banqueting hall almost deserted: lights ed, garlands dead, and all, save one guest, departed: his wife.



Mrs. Falcon was one of those comely, fresh-coloured, virtuously-composed matrons who may be said to smile and sail through life—a species of Gorgeous Galley—a strong guiding sense of the Respectabilities at the helm, and good looks, and a handsome settlement at the prow. She was never flurried; she was never vexed, never cross—in company—though her maid, her children, and her children's governess had other tales to tell on the question of her equanimity *à huis clos*. She was one of those wives that a man may live with for more than nineteen years before he finds out that she has a devil of a temper. There is as prodigious an amount of cecity and surdity in marriage as in householding; and it is generally by the neighbours rushing in, and the fire-engine coming clanking up to the door, that a man discovers that his house is on fire. A score of years had very nearly elapsed since that Gordian knot, which it used to take a thousand pounds worth of steel to cut, had been tied between Gervase Falcon and Caroline his wife; and it was only on re-entering the breakfast room that Mr. Falcon discovered that his wife could be in a rage, and was in one.

There is a process known in feminine warfare as “bouncing,” which may be otherwise defined as a moral charge of the female heavy horse. The strongest man will draw back when a lady “bounces” at him. Mrs. Falcon commenced her onslaught by that favourite movement.

“I wish to know, Mr. Falcon,” she asked, in a high, shrill voice, and “bouncing” as she spoke, “whether my house—our house, I mean—is to be turned into an hospital, a workhouse, a rag-shop, for all the vile, drunken wretches you may choose to pick off the streets?”

For all reply, her husband sat down at the further end of the table, and, with a trembling hand, filled a tumbler half full of wine, which he drank greedily, moodily gazing at his wife meanwhile.

“Will you answer me, Mr. Falcon?” his wife continued in a yet higher, shriller tone. “Who is this woman? Where does she come from? What does she want here? Why does your confidential surgeon, Mr. Fleem, come down to this room, and tell me that I am not to seek admittance to the chamber where you have presumed to harbour her? I demand to know. I insist upon knowing.”



A SCENE BETWEEN GERVAASE FALCON AND CAROLINE HIS WIFE.

“The woman is dangerously ill,” her husband answered wearily, leaning his head on his hand. “It would be as cruel as unsafe to leave her. Ask yourself—ask Mr. Fleem. Besides,” he added, more to himself than to her, “I know something of her.”

“Know something of her,” the indignant matron retorted, and only, so it seemed, restrained from bouncing bodily as well as morally at Mr. Falcon by the interposition of some sixteen good solid feet of breakfast-table between her and her spouse. “Know something of her! I have not the slightest doubt you do. More of her than you ought to do. Enough to be ashamed of yourself for, I am convinced. But I’ll not bear it, Mr. Falcon; either she leaves this house within an hour, or I do!”

“Will you hold your tongue, woman?” her husband at the end of the table cried out, starting up from his seat so suddenly that the chair fell heavily to the ground.

“Woman! hold my tongue! This language to me! to your wife! to the mother of your children! Ugh! you wretch!”

“Mrs. Falcon,” the husband of that lady remarked, stepping as he spoke from the station he had occupied, and clasping one of her arms very tightly and very sternly, “I don’t think, during the twenty years of our marriage, I have ever given signs of a disposition to ill-treat you, but, by the Lord! if you don’t sit down in that chair and hold your tongue, except to answer my questions, I’ll leave such marks on you as you and I will both be sorry for!”

There was that in his eye, his blanched cheek, his set lips, which gave indubitable proof that he was in earnest, and thoroughly so. The bounce was taken out of Mrs. Gervase Falcon at once—perhaps for good and all; and she sat down as she was desired, tacitly indignant, but quite obedient.

“Where are my daughters?” her husband asked.

“Upstairs in the drawing-room. William is with Caroline, who is in a state dreadful to be imagined.”

“Hold your tongue! You are talking nonsense! Why are not William and Caroline gone?”

“The travelling-carriage was countermanded, and will be here again in half-an-hour. We were all waiting to hear an explanation of your extraordinary conduct—I mean, to know your wishes.”

“Those you will hear presently. Where are all the people who were eating and drinking half-an-hour since?”

“All gone—very much shocked and annoyed, and, I am afraid,

scandalised, though I implored them to observe secrecy. Your uncle went away infuriated.”

“My uncle,” Mr. Falcon responded, quite leisurely and calmly, “my uncle, Baddington, the gaping fools that have been gorging and swilling in this respectable house, and you, Mrs. Falcon, may go to the devil!”

Not only his house, but he, too, had been a respectable man all his life, with an exquisitely keen sense of the proprieties and the conventionalities, just as she had always been a sweetly-tempered woman. What had come to both of them, for the lamb to turn lion, and the turtle-dove tigress?

“My dear,” Mrs. Falcon could only faintly ejaculate, “consider the servants.”

“In which recommendation,” Mr. Falcon continued, composedly resuming the thread of his discourse, “I include the servants. They may go to the devil too—all of them—all of you! Curse you all!” he cried. “I don’t care that for you. Who’s afraid?”

As he strode up to the table again, and emptied some more wine into a tumbler, and drank it, snapping his fingers defiantly, the husband and father, Grosvenor-square householder and Prothonotary of his Majesty’s Carpet-bag and Hat-box Office, quite went out from him, and nothing but a desperate ruffian at bay remained behind. Mrs. Falcon, fairly frightened that her husband was going mad, was timorously moving towards the door, when he rushed across the room, and caught her by the shoulders.

“Stay here!” he said. “No; my dear Caroline,” he continued, with a strange and horrible revulsion of tone and accent, “pray give me your arm, we will go upstairs together to my children.”

So they went upstairs together, arm-and-arm to their children, a very unlovely pair to look upon. John-Peter (who, by the way, was in rather suspiciously close proximity to the door when Mr. and Mrs. Falcon came out) could make nothing of them. He said as much to Chawles, his friend and helpmate, as, profliting by the absence of the heads of the family, he and several other vultures in red plush or white aprons hastened to swoop down on the debris of the feast before the arrival of Mr. Gunter’s men.

“I tell you something’s wrong, and not a little wrong neither,” John-Peter remarked sententiously, and making a clean breast of a cold fowl, if ever one there were, as he did so. “What does she come and throw a manuscript into master’s carriage? Why

## The Poisoner’s Daughter:

A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### THE ALCHEMIST AND HIS VISITORS.

THE alchemist had not been idle during the remainder of the day after he emerged from the pawn shop of Ben Isaac.

It was oppressive upon his suspicious mind that a crisis in his fate was not far off, and all the energies of his cunning brain had been aroused to re-establish that power of crime which circumstances had warned him was by no means secure.

It was afternoon when he entered the Red House, not through the subterranean passage, which was now useless, but through the door which had been demolished by the guards of Cromwell.

Workmen, by his command, were already repairing the breach, and preparing to renew those barriers against easy entrance to the Red House which had been torn down.

The workmen shrank from him as he paused in the entrance to glance at the progress of the work. His reputation of being a poisoner and wizard made the superstitious craftsmen afraid of him, though they were willing to receive his gold, of which report said he had immense stores.

“Work fast, work fast, men. The job should have been done by this time,” he said. “Has any one entered this house?”

“No, doctor; no danger of that,” replied the foreman of the workmen. “It is believed that the devil or a host of ghosts live in there. Nobody asked to go in, or tried to go in; if they had, I had orders to let no one pass the foot of the stairs.”

The alchemist, who now wore the black dress and cloak of a doctor of medicine of that day, made no reply and passed on.

Entering the apartment in which he had left Captain Blood, he found that trooper still sound asleep from the effects of a drug which he had given to him before he sallied forth in the morning.

“So, he sleeps well,” muttered the alchemist, feeling the pulse of the sleeper. “His pulse is excellent. He has no fever; yet it is well that the sword of the King struck a rib and glanced, inflicting a mere flesh wound. But for that chance the bully would be nearer death than life. As it is, when he awakes he will be ready for fight. Tough knave! I wish I had a fifth of the tiger-like strength that lies crouched in those immense muscles.”

His soft and lean palm glided over the great bare arms of the trooper, who had tossed aside his close fitting doublet—the closeness of the room and the heat of the still smouldering fire making the air oppressive to the hardy soldier, the greater part of whose life had been passed in the open field of war.

“What muscles of iron and steel! What sinews of brass are beneath this hairy skin! Ay, Thomas Blood, well might the old fortune-teller break over you—

“By poison, and not by hemp, lead, water, fire, stool, nor wood!—

“This child will live to die, Thomas Blood!”

For verily your hide is like that of a crocodile, your strength that of a lion, your activity that of a leopard, your fierceness that of a tiger, and your cunning that of a fox!—And your heart is that of a devil, Thomas Blood. Now would I do gentle service to your fellows were I to send you to your last sleep. But live—live a devil on earth! Sleep on, and dream of scenes of terror, carnage, and oppression in which you are to be a chief.”

The alchemist replenished the fire and withdrew to his own apartment, where, after partaking of his accustomed food of dried fruits and a little wine, he lay down upon his bed, saying, as he glanced at his watch—

“I need sleep, for to-night I may have to work. I can spare four hours.”

In a few moments he was in as sound and refreshing a slumber as that of an innocent, tired child. The sharp lines of his thin and haughty face grew soft, and only the firm lips and lowering brow revealed aught of the terrible character of Herbert Redburn.

He feared no thieves, for his reputation for cunning and certainty of detecting plunderers, and for punishing them afterwards, without waiting for the slow process of law, made his abode a terror to the boldest thieves of London.

Thus he had composed himself to sleep with no fear of disturbance, especially as his door was carefully locked.

Hours passed on and he awoke. The shadows of approaching night had darkened the streets, and the apartment was pitchy dark.

“I have slept longer than I intended,” he said, rising, and lighting a lamp. “Six o’clock. It is not late, yet it will soon be time for me to be in my alchemist shop to hear reports from those sent forth. The King, too, must be saved, since I hold his Royal signature. I must first see the King. No, I must see Captain Blood.”

Taking a lamp, he left the room, and proceeded to Blood’s apartment.

The trooper still slept, with a steady, easy breathing which seemed to declare that he could sleep for hours still.

“Come. He is sleeping yet. Well, I am not ready to rouse my tiger yet,” muttered the alchemist, leaving the room and proceeding to the hiding-place of the king.

He found the monarch chafing with impatience.

“How many years have passed since you were here, Reginald Brame?” demanded Charles.

“But a few hours, your Grace—”

“A few hours! Gad’s life! every hour hath been a year to me. I ate, I drank, I slept; I ate, I drank, I slept. I read more than I have read since I was a boy, and more than I will ever read again. What hour is it? Come, I am ready to go. I am stifling for air. What news is abroad?”

“The news is old, your Grace, but very true. Charles Stuart is in London, and will attempt to escape.”

“True, though a thousand Cromwells instead of one were on the watch for me. ‘Sdeath, man, I’d rather be in the Tower of London than in this den.”

“Perhaps your Grace might find the exchange disagreeable in the extreme,” remarked the alchemist. “But why have you torn the books to pieces?”

“The books? O, because they were so abominably dull, and I have been inventing pastimes, you see. These are boats and ships—my fleet that is to be when I next invade England. The filberts on the floor represent Cromwell’s bombs and cannon balls, wherewith I pelted the fleet upon the table. My fingers were Roundhead batteries. You see there is but one paper ship left! But she is the Royal Charles, and during the engagement represented the flag-ship of our Royal fleet. This fragment of almond which you see in the papers was myself.”

The alchemist noticed that the floor was littered with filberts, almonds, raisins, and other fruits. He wondered, and listened to the King, who continued—

“Now, it is remarkable that all my efforts to knock the Royal Charles from the table, while my fingers acted as bombardiers and cannoniers for Oliver Cromwell, failed. That was ominous of my good fortune. Then I placed a raisin, one with a skin that bore a marvellous resemblance to old Noll, in the boat, and at first fire I dashed him overboard. That was ominous of his fortunes.”

The King laughed heartily at his own conceit, while the stern mind of the alchemist exclaimed in scorn—

“And this is the simpleton they die for, and would make King of England!”

“That was an excellent pastime,” resumed the light-headed monarch, “and I think I put several minutes to death thereby.”

does the old ‘un turn as white as parsnips when he reads it? Wot does she go for to hask me wot weddin’ it is? Wot do she come a fainting for ‘ere, and havin’ fits in sich like disreputable manners?”

A smart housemaid, allured from the upper regions by the prospect of Trifle and Chantilly-basket, here observed that in her opinion the general proceedings were “howdacious”; and the youngest footman—not so stout or strong in the legs as could perhaps be desired, but reputed to be a wit, and a great favourite with the ladies,—remarked, in an off-hand manner, that the woman who had fainted was an “ussey, and that was hall about it.”

So the high life below stairs could make nothing of the low life that was above stairs. They made a good deal, however, of the lobster and chicken salads, the game pies, the plovers’ eggs, the ices, jellies, creams, and comfits, that lay in glorious wreck upon the table. They made even more of the glass dregs, and wine lees, and sundry untouched bottles that were there, till Mr. Bins, the butler, who had considerably allowed them reasonable grace for living at free quarters, came out of his own pantry suite of apartments with Mrs. Trubble, the housekeeper, and scattered the liquorish crew.

(To be continued.)

NOVELTIES.—One of the latest Paris fashions is a “Ladies’ Nose Protector”—a case lined with fur, to be affixed to the nasal appendage. A new article of jewellery has just been introduced into the Paris fashionable world. This is a bracelet intended for ladies whose husbands are decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour. Reductions of the cross in all the variety of enamels of which the original is composed form a chain which encircled the wrist to serve over the ordinary bracelet, and for untitled ladies forms a substitute for the armorial bracelet worn by persons of rank. When, as is not unfrequently the case, the husband has several “decorations,” each one is introduced into the bracelet. It is not likely that the fashion will be imitated in England, for the reason that there are very few “decorated” people there.—*Court Journal*.

HAIR.—Mr. Fen, chemist, Oxtou-road, Birkenhead, the celebrated hair-grower, sends his noted formula, pre-paid, to any address for thirteen stamps. This formula will produce whiskers and moustache within thirty days, and is a certain remedy for baldness and scanty partings, without the slightest injury to the skin. See advertisement.—[ADVT.]



"Then your Grace tried another, I suppose," observed the alchemist, glancing at the disorder of the little apartment.

"Another! A score, man, or 'death! I'd perished of weariness," cried the King. "See, here was one. Look, sour-faced Duke of Langford, that is to be."

Charles took a flask of Burgundy and poured a little upon the table.

"That," said he, nodding briskly, "represents the purple blood of the Royal Stuarts. Wait. Now, look!"

He uncorked a jug of ale and poured a little upon the table near the wine, and by its side.

"That is the plebeian beer, and, as old Noll is the son of a brewer, may readily represent the beggarly blood of the Cromwells," cried the King. "Now, let us see. The table represents the throne of England. You are attentive?"

"Very attentive, your Grace."

"Good. Now let us see which blood—that of the Royal Stuarts, or that of the beggarly Cromwells—will first glide from the throne of England to the grave—that is, to the floor. Watch, for I have tried it always with the same result."

The king raised one side of the table, and the wine and ale began to flow, side by side, towards the edge of the table. Soon the wine ceased to flow, and began to spread, while the ale held straight on, and dripped from the table to the floor.

"There!" cried the King, triumphantly. "The augurs of Rome were wise fellows, and could divine no better. The base blood of the brewer will rapidly disappear from the throne of England, and the rich purple blood of the Royal Stuarts will remain and spread abroad."

"It appears that some of the ale and wine must have run down the throat of the Royal Stuart," thought the alchemist, but he merely bowed.

"That pastime having grown stale," said Charles, "we became a clown in a circus, and amused ourselves with tumblers upon the bed, and other sports. But enough of that. No tidings of Lady Lenora?"

"The fool!" thought the alchemist. "He does not ask if he has a shadow of a chance to escape the axe of the headman. Your Grace," he said, aloud, "we have no time to think of Lenora now."

"When Charles Stuart has not time to think of a handsome lady," cried the king, stroking his chin, "he will be dead."

And therein Charles the Second of England spoke most truthfully, for his last words upon his death-bed, years after, were of his celebrated paramour, Nell Gwynne.

"Be kind to poor Nell!" were the last words which passed the lips of the dying monarch.

The alchemist hastened to inform the outlawed Prince that all had been prepared for a speedy and successful flight, and that he might make ready that instant, as he would soon return to bring him a disguise.

"And what disguise shall I wear?" demanded the King.

"The livery of Oliver Cromwell, your Grace, and in the character of a private messenger of his household bearing despatches to France."

"So I must even stoop to wear the livery of the usurper!" exclaimed the king, with an expression of disgust, which made darker still his swarthy face. "This is the unkindest cut of all."

"Better than to have a head cut off," drily remarked the alchemist as he departed.

"I would like to smite off thine, d—d snake!" thought the king. "Pah! the very air smells of poison. His breath is like the odour of a drug shop. A duke—ch? Wait until we are a king, and see what we will make of him. A duke, indeed! The hangman shall make an experiment on him, and the surgeons reverse."

The alchemist soon returned with a bundle of garments, which he opened and spread upon the bed.

"Your Majesty may now put those on as soon as it pleases your Grace. Your Majesty has a long and sharp ride before you, which is fully set forth and explained in this paper, which I give you Grace. Here are two purses of gold, as you may need them; if not, your Grace may return them."

"Stifle," cried Charles, seizing the purses. "When did a Stuart never need gold and silver, and aught else which men and Jews call money?"

"I pray your Majesty to study well the instructions on the paper," remarked the alchemist. "Your Grace will ride alone, and a mistake will carry you to the Tower."

"O, if that is the case, I will commit it to memory. It is a pity, man, that you have no tidings of the fair Lenora. I shall ride with a heavy heart, bearing nothing."

The King bent his eyes upon the minute instructions which the alchemist had penned, while the latter withdrew, and passing through the underground passage entered his shop, in which we introduced him to the reader, just twenty-four hours before.

Although he had declared to St. Luke that morning that the troopers of the Protector had played havoc with everything in the shop, nothing had been disturbed.

True, the shop had been entered, and every hole peeped into while they sought concealed loyalists, but the vials, bottles, retorts, crucibles, &c., had not been molested, so great was the fear of the musketeers that poison lurked in every article.

The terrible reputation of the famous alchemist was as strong for him as a guard of armed men.

He lighted the lamps which hung from the ceiling; and, seating himself in a large armed chair, waited patiently the coming of his spies.

After a time they began to arrive, one by one, tapping at the latticed door, delivering reports, receiving orders, and departing.

When all had reported, the alchemist hastened to the hiding King and found him attired in the livery which he had provided, and not long after Charles Stuart left the Red House.

The alchemist, having seen the King disappear in the streets, left his shop and returned to his private apartment in the Red House, where he began to make preparations which indicated an intention to go forth.

He threw off his garb of doctress and drew on a light but impenetrable coat of mail, fashioned of innumerable links of the finest and hardest steel. This mail protected all his front and back from his thighs to his throat, and from his shoulder to his waist. So exquisite was its temper that neither dagger nor bullet could penetrate its links.

Over this he wore the dress of a rich merchant of that day, and over all a short velvet mantle. He selected a beaver heavily plumed, and lined with steel, able to turn the edge and deaden the blow of any sword unless wielded by a most powerful arm.

Open a closet containing many admirably finished weapons, he first selected several pistols, which he examined and loaded carefully, and then two swords—one light, long, and thin—a terrible weapon in his hand; the other heavy, very long, two-edged, and so ponderous that its weight alone would soon weary any arm but one of unusual powers.

(To be continued.)

## THE LETTER G.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

(This tale commenced in No. 327.)

"You had better ask at the office," said the man.

The office did not know either; and the poor old chap went home with a big lump behind his left waistcoat-pocket, and a smaller one in his throat, which would not go away.

Some weeks after this, Mr. Bolton heard a lady who sat next him at dinner telling her neighbour on the other side, of such an interesting young person who had applied at their Society for work.

"She could bring no references," the lady continued; "but her sweet face and modest, trembling manner moved my pity, and I gave her some coarse sewing. She brought it back this morning, spotted here and there with tiny red dots of blood, which had come from her poor little pricked fingers. She is evidently not used to needle-work, for the stitches are seven ways for Sunday, and by no means presentable; but I gave the poor thing more work, and shall take out some of the first and sew it properly. She refused to tell me where she lived; but I am certain there are some romantic or sad circumstances connected with her present destitution."

Mr. Bolton listened with his lips apart and a blanching face. He began counting on his fingers—

"September, October, November: not quite three months. No, no," he thought; "it cannot be my darling! God forbid it! My wife said his money would last six months."

The same evening he met the lady in the hall.

"Madam," he said, his voice trembling, "I heard you telling at the dinner-table to-day about a poor young creature who was trying to earn bread. Give her this, and God bless you!"

He put a fifty-dollar note in her hand, and almost ran away. The lady looked extremely astonished, then extremely thankful; for she had taken a singular interest in this case.

But it was Madge who had come to this pitiful pass! Day after day had her husband rushed desperately out, determined to saw wood if he could do no better, while the weeping little wife sat alone brooding and brooding, thinking how to escape utter destitution. They owed for rent, and starvation was close at hand.

At last she bethought herself of applying to her landlady, who seemed kind-hearted in her rough way; and the hapless little woman went down, timidly knocked at the door, and, when bidden to enter, told her wishes.

"Can you do braiding on merino? I can get you lots of that." "Not well, I am afraid," answered Madge, sadly. "I would rather try some very plain sewing."

"Why, can't you do fine sewing?" said the woman, with a shade of contempt in her voice. "If you can't sew well, why don't you get a machine? You can't help making nice work with that."

She might as well have asked why she didn't leave this sorrowful world and fly up to the moon on a broomstick. Madge simply said she could not buy a sewing-machine; whereupon the good soul twisted her brow, and bit her thumb, and having thus refreshed her memory, said—

"Well, I believe the ladies in Transfiguration Church give out work to the poor folks. You might try there, to-day is the day."

Poor little Madge thanked her; and lest her courage should fail, hurried on her bonnet and shawl, and almost ran to the church, with what success the reader has already learned.

Meanwhile Peter had got copying to do for a lawyer; and thus the two barely managed to keep the wolf from the door. More they could not do, except to love one another; and this love melted, like electricity, the iron chains of despair as fast as the cruel links were forged, and kept their hearts from breaking.

They began to look gaunt and hungry. They were wretchedly shabby in their dress, for the best of their wardrobe had gone, long since, to the pawnbrokers. Yes, they had learned the way to that dreadful tomb, where, laid away like corpses, are myriad tokens of better days.

One day, when Madge took back her work, she looked so unusually wan, almost wild, that her kind friend, with delicate questioning, begged once more to know her history. It was the first time the society had met after Mr. Bolton had given the fifty-dollar note, and Mrs. Easton was anxious to bestow it immediately; but at the first inquiry Madge's trembling lips closed, after one little deep sob, and she froze into a white statue.

Then Mrs. Easton tried pretended harshness. "Your sewing is very badly done, Mrs. King" (she had given this name); "I can help you, perhaps, in a better way. I can assist you with money, and—"

"Madame!" Up the blood rushed to her face, forth flashed a dart from her eyes, and trembling all over, she cried: "I do not want your money! I want work!" Then nature, resenting the fierce struggle with her pride, gave way suddenly, and she sank down, fainting, on the floor, one hand pressed against her crushed and bleeding heart, which that offer of money had torn like a barbed arrow.

Mrs. Easton hastened to call assistance and, unless the dress of the poor little creature, a faint colour came creeping back to her lips, and she made a feeble attempt to rise. But she was powerless, and she lay there uttering half-unconscious farewells to her husband, who would go back to his uncle and be forgiven; she was quite broken down, her friends, putting their arms tenderly round her, raised her to her feet, and assisted her into Mrs. Easton's own carriage at the door, and conveyed her to her poor home.

When she had been gently laid upon her own bed, and Mrs. Easton had smoothed back her hair, and kissed her, Madge opened her heart, and, with stormy, scalding tears, told all her story, except her name.

"Sixteen and nineteen! two mere children, and struggling for bread!" murmured Mrs. Easton. "Something must be done, and instantly." She looked round the room. It was as neat as hands could make it, but cold and dreary, for the small fire in the little stove made poor resistance against a gloomy December day. She did not dare to buy food and send it to Madge, whose resolute words, "I want work!" still rang in her ears, and defied her to make a pensioner on charity of this young thing, at once so frail and so indomitable. Suddenly a thought struck her, and affectionately patting Madge's cheek, she said: "Take courage, dear—take hope to your heart. The worst has passed. Since you will not take money for your bitter needs, I will send you that which will make money for you, this evening, if I can. Good-bye. Keep up a brave heart, better times are coming."

She replenished the fire, and went away; while Madge, still too weak to rise, lay, with closed eyes, wondering over her words, and soon after fell into a dreamless sleep.

Toward evening it grew stormy. Peter had written all day, until the characters danced on the page, yet he had a thick roll of MSS. which must be copied that evening. Desolate and desperate, mortally tired, he fought his way against the sharp, blinding sleet, which the sobbing gusts of wind drove into his face. Gaining his home, he paused a moment at his room-door to call into his haggard countenance a hopeful look, for these two loving hearts wore masks, when in each other's presence.

He opened the door; he glanced at the bed; a shudder shook his frame, and a black veil seemed to come down over his eyes. She lay there so still, her face so white, in such a death-like hush. Was it sheet or shroud which covered her?

"Madge!" How strange his voice sounded, like a far away, hoarse whisper. Mastering his awful terror with a strong effort he advanced to the bed; leaned over, straining his eyes blinded

with fear, and saw the gentle rise and fall of her quiet breathing. "Thank God, it is not death but sleep!" he almost screamed. He flung himself on his knees at the foot of the bed, and buried his face in the clothes. Great sobs burst from his labouring, heaving breast; the veins in his temples stood out tense like cords; then a hot in—tears poured from his eyes, and his cry was "My little wife! my poor, little wife! I thought I had killed her."

In vain Madge, who had started up in affright at his first exclamation, implored him to look at her; to speak to her; to stop those dreadful tears. His passionate anguish would have way, and remorse was tugging at his heart-strings; he had deliberately robbed his darling of every earthly comfort—so it seemed now to him; his selfish love confronted him, and, pointing at the wan face and emaciated figure of his wife, held him to the rack and kept him there.

"Madge, Madge!" he said, in a tone of such bitter sadness that it brought great wistful tears in her eyes—"I wonder you do not curse the day you ever saw my face. Let me take you back to your father and go my way alone. I will kneel to him! I will kiss his feet!" he cried, frantically; "but you shall no longer die by inches! I have been cruel! I am a wretch! O God! help me to save my darling, my little, little, wife!"

"You don't love me, then; you want to send me away;" and her cheek grew livid, her breast heaved, and her woeful eyes grew more hollow and shadowy.

"Oh, Madge, you know better; you know how wholly, entirely, my heart is yours. It is because I have loved you so selfishly, and stolen from you all the bloom, and light, and bliss of youth that I wish to save you. Why were you lying in that death-like sleep? Was it not exhaustion from overwork?"

"Why no, dear, nothing of the kind;" and with changing colour she recounted the adventures of the morning, and the strange, hopeful language of her friend Mrs. Easton.

Then she rose, and standing herself so her husband should not see how weak she still was, hastened to make tea. If she had dared she would have brought out two tiny mutton chops, put away for the next day's dinner; but there was "the next day" sitting on the chops, like a goblin keeping guard, and she shut the cupboard door with a sigh.

They had just sat down to some tea and dry toast; for the last of the butter had been eaten the day before. It had lasted three months, and had been a capital purchase after all; but to have any more of so great a luxury was not to be thought of. Madge had poured out one cup of tea, when some one knocked at the door. Being bidden to enter, a man came in with a small table on his shoulder. He set it down, went out, returned with a bundle, set that down, said there was nothing to pay, and vanished.

"Some amiable lunatic seems to have sent us a piece of furniture," said Peter.

"I haven't the slightest idea what it can mean, dear. What an odd little table, isn't it; with such a strange ornament in the middle of it? I declare it looks like a big letter G. How funny! What can that mean?"

"Being sent to you, it stands for little goose, darling," said Peter, getting up from his untasted tea, and going round to the mysterious table to examine it. "Don't you see what it is? It's a sewing-machine. Here's the wheel, and here's the place for the foot. Listen."

He gently moved the treadle, and in a moment an almost imperceptible tiny "tick, tick" was heard, like the faint echo of a cheery little cricket on the hearth. Then Peter opened a small drawer; in it were three or four strange-looking instruments, some needles, and a pamphlet. He took the last out and turned over the leaves. "Oh," he said, "those old-looking steel customers are hemmers, fellers, &c., are they? And here are some jolly directions for using it. I tell you what, Madge, it will be just next to nothing to turn out a dress with twenty-nine flounces. Gorgeous letter G."

But what was that foolish little Madge doing standing there so absorbed and silent?

Oh! was this blessed relief meant for her? With a pale face and clasped hands she listened to her husband, her gaze fastened on the magical letter which had the power to bring such unutterable comfort to their home—debts paid, sufficient food, bright fire. All at once Mrs. Easton's words—"I will send you that which will make money for you," flashed into her mind. She understood! Her heart beat loud and fast, and then tide upon tide of rosy colour overspread her face until, at length, the tears bursting from her uplifted eyes, she sobbed out, "Thank God! oh, thank God! it is for me! Now we need not starve!"

The next instant she was clasped in her husband's arms, and those two poor lonely children had a good cry together.

"You won't think now of sending me home, darling, will you?" murmured Madge, nestling close to his heart. "Here is my home." And she pressed her soft cheek against him—she was "just as high as his heart."

She got a tight bag for answer, and then they found out they were very hungry, and the tea was quite cold. Madge flew round and made more tea, although it was the very last drawing but one, declaring she didn't care a fig for the extravagance; and then, getting more excited, she whipped the mutton-chops out of the cupboard in a trice, and broiled them without the slightest compunction about the next day's dinner, and made toast, brown and crisp, and said, laughing, "Oh, never mind the butter."

After tea Peter helped to wash the dishes, and the clumsy fellow broke a plate, and Madge laughed at it—such a blithe little laugh! and all because there stood in the room a small table—with the letter G upon it. They had quite forgotten the bundle all this time; but now Madge opened it, and found a note inside. It read thus:

December 22.

"DEAR MRS. KING.—A kind old gentleman accidentally heard me tell a friend of your painful situation, and gave me the money for you which you refused. I have therefore purchased with it this sewing machine. I select the Willcox and Gibbs because we prefer to have our work done on that rather than on any other, and also because it is so simple and easy of management that you will be able to do beautiful work on it at once. I send a dozen fine shirts from our society, for making which we shall pay you seventy-five cents each. Your self-reliance is as fortunate as was the accident which gave you your benefactor; for you could not have made, I am sure, a wiser use of the money. Happy that you will be dependent only on your own brave heart and the sewing machine, I am your sincere friend, MARY EASTON."

She very nearly got crying again over this note, thankful, grateful tears, and not trusting herself to speak, she handed it to her husband and sat down at the machine with the little book of directions in her hand. It would almost go of itself! She adjusted her work, put her foot on the treadle, and began. Absorbed, fascinated, now pale, now flushed, her lips apart, her eyes shining like stars, she watched the white seam gliding swiftly away. The letter G was a magical living thing to her, and its gentle little "tick, tick," was like the joyous song of the lark to her upward-lifted, praying, grateful heart.

One hour and a half, two, and the shirt was finished; with a radiant, glad smile, Madge threw it to her husband, who had been watching the work with almost breathless interest.

"Oh, darling letter G!" cried Madge. "Seventy-five cents! It would have taken me three days to have earned so much money with my fingers; and hear you sing a dear little song, and presto! the seventy-five cents are mine."

(To be continued.)

THE SKIN OF THE ELAND AS LEATHER.—S. W. NORMAN has returned from the Paris Exhibition with the Russia Leather bought by him, and finds he has many specimens of the Eland as Boot Fronts. Some choice samples adapted for boots from Poland, Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Circassia, and many novelties worthy an early inspection.—114 and 116, Westminster Bridge-road.—[ADVT.]



## THE IRON LAND DEFENCES.

THE *Times* published a long article last week, evidently at official instigation, in extenuation of the failure of the notorious Gibraltar Shield. The strictures on the past discussions in that article were, of course, aimed most especially at this journal and at the *Standard*, as the two papers which had mainly and most effectively exposed this matter—we, before the military and naval world; the great Conservative paper, before the general public. Deliberately taking its time, our contemporary yesterday (Friday), picked up the gauntlet and dashed it with well-directed energy in the teeth of its opponents, accepting battle on the issues brought forward in "Defences and Defenders." Taking the case as then stated, and assuming the modest side of the "civilians" put upon it by its adversaries, the *Standard* in its reply, under the title of "Iron Land Defences" has fearlessly made the most damaging attack the "military advisers of Government" have yet received, and one which will shake the public in their ideas of the reliability to be put in the statements of official proceedings communicated in future through the same channel. As yet the *Standard* has confined itself to the first introductory portion only of "Defences and Defenders," and has left all the mechanical and military points to be dealt with, as it seems it intends to do, in a future essay. If these further articles should be penned in the same spirited way, this controversial battle cannot but excite the liveliest interest in all who are concerned in the proper defence of the country—that is, throughout the land, for on the departmental side are special pleaders professing to come authoritatively forward and determined to do their best for a bad case, and on the other a calm straightforward champion for truth, whose only fault is that of showing too much courtesy towards his opponents, and, with too much consideration, refraining from the mention of the personal names of those who, it must be very well known to the writer of "Iron Land Defences," are the culpable parties, screened under the generality of the "military advisers of Government." Taking the solid view that iron defences ought to be realities, and not shams, the *Standard* has not been content with re-asserting the facts and experiments which have proved the Inglis shield to be such as no sportsman would allow his dogs to kennel behind; but it has opened out, very appropriately and properly, a new and thoroughly "civilian" aspect of the question, in the shape of the cost to the country of the useless repairs of the thirty-four useless shields which are now being proceeded with at Malta, Gibraltar, and Bermuda. Nor is this cost trifling in amount; our contemporary, whose calculations have evidently been purposely kept under the mark, setting it down as over £8,000. It also very quietly but significantly disputes the speech of Sir John Pakington, in which he intimated that the orders for the first secret trial emanated from the Ordnance Select Committee; but we regret that it has not directly imputed the odium to the Royal Engineers who designed the Gibraltar shield as the only department interested in keeping the public in ignorance of the results of the trial. But perhaps the most damaging part of our contemporary's "first indictment" has been got by another thoroughly "civilian" way of looking at the question—namely, the fact that the military advisers of Government have caused the nation to be supplied with a bad shield at the same price as a far superior one, originally designed at the War Office, was actually contracted for, but which contract was set aside, the same manufacturers producing a larger number—nearly twice as many—of the inferior pattern at the same price per shield. This original pattern has been described by "Artillerist" in our columns, and its dimensions and qualities are given in our contemporary's article side by side with those of the Gibraltar failure. From all these exposures, which increase in number and seriousness at every successive stage of discussion, the public, as well as military men, will appreciate the value of these efforts of the press, which have done so much to prevent that most dangerous false reliance in such sham defences of fortifications as would be demolished by an enemy in a couple of shots a piece, and would have been, in reality, in action shambles rather than casemates. Enough has not yet been done, nor will have been, until the ultimate fate of those shields sent abroad has been fully decided.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

THE Marquis of Ailesbury entertained a large circle of friends during the past week at Savernake Park, near Marlborough.



TWELFTH NIGHT IN THE OLDEN TIME.

## TWELFTH NIGHT IN THE OLDEN TIME.

It was formerly a custom in this country, also in Germany and other parts of the Continent, on the making of the Twelfth-Night cake, to insert in it a bean and a pea. On the cutting of the cake—and each of those present having a piece given them—it was then for each one to ascertain in which piece was the bean and which the pea. The one having the bean was chosen king of the revels, and the one having the pea, queen of the revels. Our engraving shows the kind of revels which then place on the crowning of the king.

FROM the annual report of Captain Shaw, the chief of the Fire Brigade, it appears that in 1867 there were 59 more fires in the metropolis than in 1866, but ten less than the average of the last five years. The proportion of serious to slight cases (245 to 1,152), however, compared favourably with former years; as, for instance, in 1865, 512 were serious and 990 were slight—a fact which Captain Shaw claims as evidence that the development of his brigade has considerably reduced the amount of losses by fire. The gross number of calls to fires in the year had been 1,591; of these 111 were false alarms, 53 proved to be only chimney alarms, and 1,397 were fires, of which 245 resulted in serious, and 1,152 in slight damage. The number of accidents to firemen had been unusually large, no fewer than 70 being reported, none of which, however, were fatal.

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859, —[ADVT.]

## M. FORCADE ON FENIANISM.

"We behold the misdeeds committed by Fenianism in England with the horror they naturally excite, but without being able to understand the causes or the nature of that strange and dark conspiracy. England thus pays her tribute to the evil fortune which seems at present to be the common lot of peoples. The plague of Fenianism is a lugubrious one, and manifests itself by acts of destruction hateful in their barbarism. Mr. Bright recently stated at the Rochdale meeting that he would be a great man who could discover the means of satisfying Ireland. Mr. Bright does not claim for himself that chimerical ambition. One thing, however, is clear. It is assuredly not in her liberty that Ireland suffers. Nearly forty years have elapsed since she has been admitted to share the liberties of England—those liberties which enable every complaint, every grievance, every wish to be brought forward, and which have enabled the Irish to plead their own cause in the British Parliament. But Ireland has still a right or a motive to protest against an evil and an abuse which has been inflicted upon her. The temporal establishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland is an anomaly and an anachronism. The majority of Englishmen applaud the efforts of the Italian nation against the temporal power of the Papacy. How can they fail to perceive that they are unjustly hurting the Irishman in his creed by the advantages which the Episcopal Church still retains in Ireland as the inheritance and monument of the work of conquest and spoliation? Such a monstrosity should not have endured until our epoch. The riches of the episcopal clergy in Ireland have no doubt been partly restricted, but its endowments, somewhat too iniquitously, exceed the proper measure. The other grievance of Irishmen is a social one; they ascribe their sufferings to the tenant-right question (i.e., la constitution de la propriété). Here, again, present facts evoke the recollection of conquest and former confiscation; but how is a system of land tenure, which has existed for ages, to be undone? How, moreover, is it possible to overcome and deaden a race-hatred so violent that distant emigration cannot succeed in stifling it, which rebounds with redoubled violence against the mother country the moment it has touched the soil of America, where the Irishman finds a country so much more to his taste? As a contrast to this miracle of national hatred, it is only fair to notice the resistance spontaneously organised by English society against the insane men who have declared an incendiary war against it. Thousands of special constables have placed themselves at the disposal of the authorities to ward off a common danger. Such is the energy of spontaneous devotedness which the practice of freedom in-

spires. The unfortunate Irish attack, with the rashness of despair, a formidably robust enemy."

## GOSSIP.

THE New Year is generally prolific of gossip. "Old friends" can hardly meet to exchange "the compliments of the season," without indulging in a little chat about "old things and new"; while "new faces" around the festive board, eagerly display their wit and vivacity to become *distingue* guests. The same spirit is manifested on the Continent as well as in this country. Here is a seasonable waif from Paris:—At a very aristocratic reunion it was a gentleman's turn to answer some of those inquisitorial questions which are put in all fashionable games now, and are considered amusing. He had to redeem a forfeit. The first question asked him was, "Which colour do you prefer?" "All fast colours," was the witty reply. The next was, "Which is your favourite author?" "Oh, the author of my days, of course," he answered readily; but the third nearly brought him to Mazas, for the questioner inquired, "What is the object of your ambition?" "To be or not to be," answered the sufferer in great distress and in fear of a second forfeit. "To be or not to be what?" pursued the tormentor. "A Zouave—a Pontifical Zouave," replied the victim. Murmurs of disapprobation welcomed this confession, and had not peals of laughter drowned them a snug little game at forfeits would have ended in an official arrestation.—*Lady's Own Paper*.

HIS Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge left town on Saturday for Belvoir Castle, Leicestershire, on a visit to the Duke of Rutland. A select party were invited to meet the Royal duke.



## NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS.

IN the monde the young men are the most heavily taxed; on New Year's morning they must set out on a gigantic round of visits, and to every lady whom they have visited at all often in the year they must convey an offering of sweetmeats. These bonbons I must not dismiss with a word; they are essentially patrician, and contain hours of thought in their composition. At the hour when Paris blows out her candle and retires, weary and harassed, to bed, three alchemists, doubtless with pointed skulls, trim their lamps and mix in their crucibles their secret substances; they seek the philosopher's sweetmeat, and find it. We eat it the next day with considerable gusto, but do not guess that almost a genius has been needed to bring a smile of satisfaction to our lips, blasés on the metamorphoses of sugar. These alchemists are three originals, three progressives, Palaeys of bonbons, Robespierres of pistachio cream, who would burn the Rue de la Paix to bring their sweet conceptions to perfection; they are the underground geni of the three renowned bonbons sellers of Paris. The bonbons, like the splendid old houses in the Faubourg Saint Germain, are very unpretending and quiet in appearance, but the purity and variety of flavour are so exquisite that I should like to procure your opinion instead of tantalising you. The Patti bonbon is the rage this season, and a journalist, philosopher, and gourmet, whose great opinion upon the new compound was asked by the anxious author, after shutting his eyes and dwelling silently for a few minutes upon the flavour, slowly declared that it was like eating Patti in the character of Rosine. The shrines in which the sweetmeats are presented are chefs d'œuvre; the artistic manufacturers of every nation are represented. The boxes are jewelled, inlaid, and carved; there are Pompadour boxes, on which pearls lie in the snowy whiteness of Marabout feathers, Watteau baskets as Arcadian as his shepherdess, Louis XIV. caskets which remind one of Condé's triumphs—in a word, everything to tempt that poor man who, on the 1st of December, generously made out his étrenne list, and on making the addition finds the total to be fourteen thousand francs. "It's madness!" cried the unfortunate man, "I must curtail this." By dint of deep scrutiny into character, he finds so few people as good and disinterested as himself, that he easily gets the sum down to the more reasonable figure, sixteen hundred francs. But as the month goes by and the fatal date approaches, the étrennes martyr communes daily with himself, and at the commencement of the last week he has cut off everyone but particular friends, relations, and servants. On the 28th of December the particular friends disappear; on the 29th the relations are struck out. In one's family, is not a good word spoken from the heart better than the richest gift? The servants stand alone; they shall have their pleasures; two hundred francs for them. At last, on the 30th of December, the man asks himself this final and terrible question: of whom shall he borrow the two

hundred francs? From the 30th to the 31st a horrible night, no sleep; but suddenly the happy thought occurs to him of his dear friend Constant, whom he has somehow forgotten and omitted from his list. On rushing out the next morning he meets the very man on the stairs. "Ah, mon ami, you here?" "Yes," says Constant; "you know how often I have said that our purses were in common?" "I was just thinking of it." "Well, will you lend me twenty francs, to give my concierge his étrennes?"—*Paris Letter.*

## ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THIS church is considered the most elegant in the Isle of Wight. The style of its architecture is Early Decorated, which prevailed during the first portion of the 14th century. In the interior there is a monument to the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., which was erected as "A token of respect to her virtues, and of sympathy for her misfortunes by Victoria R., 1856."

Much sickness prevails among the French troops encamped round Civita Vecchia.



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

## UPSTART NOUVEAUX RICHES.

"You people of the new school, you nouveaux riches, are so completely free! Nothing trammels or binds you. You can absolutely do whatever you choose; you have nothing to keep up—no traditions, no names, no ancestors who have a right to expect from you the sacrifice of all mere worldly advantages to the respect for their dignity. We are trammelled, fretted, chained down on all sides, whilst you are free as air. And yet you are always seeking to forge some chain for yourselves. Land, forsooth! land! that it is with which you nouveaux riches are always burdening yourselves."

"It is possible," edged in meekly Monsieur Richard, "that we may wish to found something."

"Found what?" exclaimed the Vicomte, with truly superb disdain. "It takes ages to found an order in the State. Nobody founded us. We were! What was the use of putting us down? Found, indeed! I should like to know what the men of to-day, the men without names, can found?"

"Not an old nobility, certainly," replied Monsieur Richard gently, and with a smile, "but, perhaps, a new aristocracy."

"Whew!" half whistled Monsieur de Verancour, with a supremely contemptuous curl of the lip. "That takes four generations at least, and heaps of money!" And, getting up and standing with his back to the fire, he continued, "Why, now, look at what you're doing. When you've bought and paid for the Chateaubreville property, it's

you'll have to put it in order, and restore the house,—it's shockingly out of repair,—and furnish it."

"There's a great deal of splendid old furniture in it," interrupted Richard Prevost.

"Yes; but old—very old," retorted the Vicomte; "out of keeping with the habits of modern—" he seemed at a loss for a proper term, "of modern—" he hesitated again.

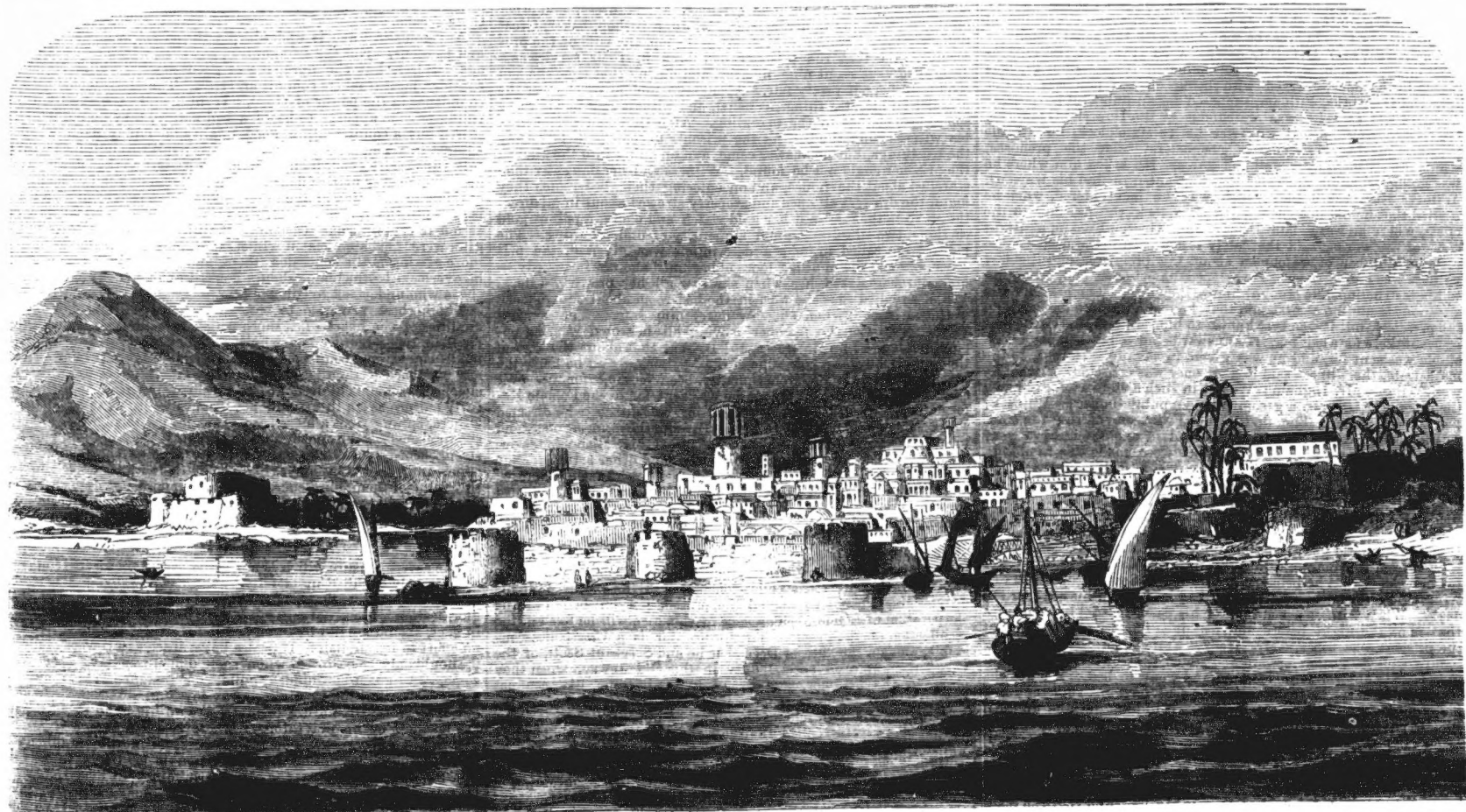
"You mean out of keeping with the habits of la petite bourgeoisie," said Richard, coming to his assistance. "But, Monsieur le Vicomte," added he, "I intend to furnish, and I hope to keep up Chateaubreville on a scale not quite unfitting the importance of the place."

"The deuce you do, my dear fellow. Why, then, you'll not be able to do it under a hundred thousand francs a year."

"I do not count upon doing it for so little," answered humbly Monsieur Richard.

"Peste!" ejaculated Monsieur de Verancour, and the look which accompanied the expression seemed to say, "Where have these canaille stolen all this gold?"—*Saint Pauls.*

IN consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]



BUSHIRE, ON THE PERSIAN GULF.



## LAW AND POLICE.

**THE FANCY BREAD QUESTION.**—This was an important appeal from the Epsom Petty Sessions against the conviction of William Wood, a baker at Ewell, for selling bread other than French or fancy bread, without weighing the same, such being contrary to the 6th and 7th Will. IV., cap. 37.—Mr. Thompson in opening the proceedings, said that the Act of Parliament under which the appellant was convicted was the 6th and 7th Will IV., cap. 37, which made it imperative for all bakers to sell their bread by weight, provided always there was nothing to prevent their selling French or fancy bread without weighing. There had been two decisions lately in the Court of Queen's Bench. The first was the "Jones v. Huxtable" case, published in the August number of the "Law Reports," and in the "Justice of the Peace" on August 24th. The party purchased a quarter loaf and paid for it, and the seller did not weigh it. The Court confirmed the conviction. The other case was "Williams v. Deggan." The appellant urged that a quarter loaf was asked for, and not a four-pound one, and that it being a cottage loaf the seller was not bound to weigh it. Lord Justice Cockburn was of opinion that a cottage loaf was not fancy bread, and it ought to have been weighed. The learned counsel, after quoting several Acts of Parliament from 1815 up to the present time, concluded by stating that the 6th and 7th Will IV., cap. 37, the last Act passed, clearly proved that cottage bread was not fancy bread.—He called—Alfred Cook, who said that his father was inspector of weights and measures for the county, and by his directions he went, on the 23rd August, into the shop of Mr. Wood, a baker at Ewell, and asked for a quarter loaf. A female served him with a cottage loaf, for which he paid her 9d. It was not weighed by her, or anything said about weight. Witness purchased a quarter loaf the same day at nine other shops, and he handed them over to his father. Witness did not ask for cottage loaves. None of them weighed four pounds.—Frederick Dart, the son of the inspector of weights and measures for the Croydon district, said that he purchased between 50 and 60 cottage loaves at Croydon in August last, none of which were weighed.—Mr. William Cook, inspector of weights and measures for the Kingston district, said that the appellant and some others were fined 34s. each, against which they all appealed.—Mr. Thesiger here summed up the case, for the respondents contending that the Act of Parliament was quite clear that cottage bread was not fancy bread, and ought to have been weighed on delivery.—The Hon. Mr. Denman, on behalf of the appellants, in a most able address to the Bench, contended that a cottage loaf came within the meaning of the Act as regarded French or fancy bread. It was quite clear on that point, as he should be able to show that such bread was more costly, and required more labour in the manufacture than the common household or batch bread. He quoted various Acts of Parliament relating to the sale of bread from the time of Henry VIII. up to the last Act, 6th and 7th Will. IV., cap. 37, and the meaning of the Legislature was clear on the subject. It was never intended to class cottage loaves with common household bread, which bakers were bound to weigh.—Mr. Thompson here said that he understood it was the common practice of bakers at Croydon to sell cottage bread by weight.—The Chairman observed that the question before the Court was whether cottage bread came within the meaning of the Act as to fancy bread. They had nothing to do with people selling it by weight in Croydon.—The appellants then called a number of retired City and West-end bakers, and several carrying on business in the county and in different parts of the metropolis, all of whom contended that the cottage loaf was fancy bread, and was always considered so from the time it was introduced, in 1815.—Mr. Webster, a retired baker, who for many years carried on business in Coleman-street, in the City, said that at the time the 3rd George IV. was passed he was in business, and batch bread was sold by the quarter and half quarter. All other was fancy bread. Cottage bread was introduced and was always sold as fancy bread, and not weighed. It was clear that the bakers could not do otherwise as it was more costly, and required more labour and attention than batch bread. In answer to the Bench, Witness said a half-quarter cottage loaf generally weighed about a pound and three-quarters.—Mr. Oppenheim and Mr. Thompson having addressed the Bench at considerable length as to questions of law, the magistrates retired to consider their judgment. On their return to court.—The Chairman said that they had carefully considered all the bearings of the questions raised before them, and the various clauses of the Acts of Parliament quoted by the learned counsel, and they had come to the conclusion that the bread sold to Alfred Cook was not fancy bread within the meaning of the law, and, therefore, the conviction of the justices of Epsom must be confirmed with the usual costs.

**AN AWKWARD DILEMMA.**—NOT A FENIAN.—A respectable-looking young man, who gave the name of Robert Snuggs, was placed in the dock, charged with being on the premises of the Imperial Gasworks, Fulham, supposed for an unlawful purpose.—Joseph Field said he was watchman at the Imperial Gasworks. On Saturday evening, at a quarter before six o'clock, he saw the prisoner passing between two gasometers inside the premises, which are enclosed by a wall and gates. He asked him where he was going, when he answered that he wanted to find his way out. Witness then asked him which way he had entered, when he replied that he did not know. He then took the prisoner to the office, where he was detained.—Mr. John George Fuskin, assistant clerk at the works, said that lately it had been found necessary to place a number of watchmen about the premises, and the last witness was one of them. He stopped the prisoner, and, according to his instructions, he brought him to the office. The prisoner was questioned, and he at first said that he had a purpose for being on the premises, but it was best known to himself, and afterwards that he went there for lodging. His answer being so incoherent, a constable was sent for, and he was given in charge.—In reply to the magistrate, the witness said the prisoner was conscious of what he was saying.—Mr. Ingham: Was he in such a state as not to know the difference between a gasometer and a public-house?—Witness: No, sir.—Prisoner: The first thing I did on entering the office was to apologise.—Witness: Not a word of apology escaped your lips. Your answers to the questions were made in a rambling, incoherent manner.—Prisoner: Yes, after I found I was to be charged for being on the premises for an unlawful purpose. That was enough to make me confused.—Police-constable Wells said he was called to take the prisoner into custody. In answer to the charge he stated that he found the gates open when he walked in, thinking he could get a lodging there. He also said that he had walked from the Borough, but his boots were quite clean. He further stated that he belonged to the Royal Sovereign, which was lying off Portsmouth, and that he had leave from his ship for ten days. When witness asked him for his pass, he said he went to a theatre on the night before and lost it. The witness added that the prisoner was sober.—Mr. Henry Francis, of the Old Rose and Sand's-end, here came forward and stated that on Friday evening the prisoner applied for a lodging, and went to bed. He was the prisoner's landlady. In the morning, he sent for some rum, and had three pots of beer in his room, and they could not get him up until the afternoon. When he came downstairs he talked in a rambling way as if of a man having been drinking. He had his boots cleaned, and shortly before six o'clock he went out. Witness did not see him again until he was in custody. He would not have wanted a lodging so soon afterwards.—The prisoner said that the last time the gate was open and he walked in. When he found that the place was private he walked on, thinking that he could get out by

another gate.—Inspector Prescott here announced to the magistrate that an answer had been received to a telegram which had been sent to Portsmouth, and it was found that the prisoner belonged to the Royal Sovereign; on board which ship he was a petty officer, and that his statement as to his leave of absence was correct.—Mr. Ingham thought the prisoner did not look like a Fenian, and discharged him. He said the company were quite right in taking all precautions to protect their works.

**AN UNPROMISING ASSAULT.**—Alphonse Laplanque, a French clerk, residing at No. 19, Whitcomb-street, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with assaulting Mary and Elizabeth Hopkins, mother and daughter, residing in Phoenix-street, Soho.—Elizabeth Hopkins, a respectable-looking young woman, a servant out of place, and residing with her parents, said—On Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, I was walking along Compton-street, when the prisoner came up and caught hold of me and used very insulting language. My mother, who came up at the moment, told him to go away or she would have him locked up. The prisoner, after making use of a very bad remark to my mother, struck her in the face, and on me trying to prevent him striking her again he gave me a blow in the face. A gentleman passing by went for a constable, and the prisoner was given into custody.—Mr. Tyrwhitt:—Had you ever seen the prisoner before?—Witness:—No, sir. He struck the gentleman also.—Mary Hopkins, mother of the last witness, said—I went to meet my daughter on Saturday evening, having a female friend with me, and on my joining her the prisoner came towards us and pushed himself between us. I made room for him to pass when he came up again and rudely caught hold of my daughter, at the same time making use of a very bad expression. I told him not to do so, as she was a respectable young woman, and that he had made a mistake in the person he took her for. The prisoner then made use of a similar expression towards me, and struck me in the face, and whilst a gentleman was going for a constable the prisoner struck me again and also my daughter, and twisted the head of my friend, who tried to protect me.—Matilda Beasley said I was with the last witness on Saturday evening, and on preventing the prisoner striking Mrs. Hopkins again in the face, he seized my hand and twisted it right round, and still kept the effects of it.—Police-constable John Moore, 188 C, said—I took the prisoner into custody. Several gentlemen said the prisoner's conduct was most disgraceful, and that he had assaulted the females. The prisoner had been drinking, but knew what he was about.—The prisoner: The young woman spoke to me first.—Elizabeth Hopkins:—That is not true. Mr. Tyrwhitt:—I shall commit the prisoner for six weeks for the assault on the girl, for a month for the assault on the mother, and fine him 3s. or a month for the assault on the other female.

**FEARFUL CHARGE OF STABBING.**—William Thomson and Charles Bartlett, both seafaring men, were charged before Mr. Ellison with having stabbed William Kirby in the head.—Richard Kirby said he and his brother (the prosecutor) were at the corner of Green-street when loud cries for help occasioned them to hasten to the spot, where they found five men, among whom were the prisoners, annoying a female in Pleasant-place. They succeeded in getting her away, and were about to leave the spot, when Thomson, who appeared enraged, came up and said, "What were you watching me for?" and dealt witness a severe blow which knocked him down, and when he got up he saw his brother engaged in a struggle with Thomson. The latter gave the prosecutor a blow which felled him, and when they lifted him up they found that he had been stabbed in the head, immediately over the eyebrow. The wound was bleeding profusely. He was conveyed to the hospital, and the prisoners availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them by the dismay to effect their escape. His brother fell on his right side and the cut was on the left. He did not see anything in Thomson's hand, but the wound sustained by his brother could not have been occasioned by a fall.—Mr. Joseph Hicks, a commercial traveller, of 6, Croydon-road, deposed that at the time in question he was with last witness and his brother, and that after rescuing the woman from the annoyance the prosecutor was knocked down by a blow from Thomson, who then ran off, followed by Bartlett.—Similar evidence having been offered, Mr. Mackenzie, the house surgeon at the London Hospital, said it appeared that the prosecutor had sustained an incised wound on the left side of the head; it was half an inch wide, and extended downwards for about three-quarters of an inch, and laid bare the bone. The wound bled profusely, and the injured man was lying in a state which precluded his attendance.—In cross-examination the surgeon deposed to the injury having been caused by a knife, or some such pointed instrument.—After a long examination both men were remanded, Thomson without being admitted to bail.

**A SERVANT GIRL CLEARING AWAY.**—Margaret Carroll, 19, was charged with absconding from her service and stealing a valuable gold watch, a set of gold earrings, a silk dress, and other property belonging to her master, Mr. John Bishop, baker, Great Suffolk-street, Borough.—Mrs. Ann Bishop, the wife of the prosecutor, said that the prisoner had been in their service as a general servant about nine months, and during that time she had conducted herself pretty fair. About the middle of October the prisoner laid the tea things as usual, and witness sent her to carry some clean clothes to the mangling. After they had partaken of tea witness rung the bell for the prisoner to come and clear away the tea things, but no answer came, and on going into the kitchen the prisoner could not be found. Witness and her daughter then searched about the house, and on entering their bed-rooms they found the drawers all open and property strewn about in all directions. She then missed her gold watch and chain, a pair of gold earrings, two silk dresses, and a quantity of underclothing. The police were called in, and a description was given of the prisoner, but she saw nothing more of her until she was in custody.—Mr. Burcham asked her when she saw all her property safe.—Witness replied that she was in the bed-room about four o'clock in the afternoon, when she saw everything safe. What made it very strange was the prisoner leaving all her own wearing apparel behind.—John Broedrip, 157 B, said that about the time of the robbery he was a constable of the M division, and he knew the prisoner well. He had consequently been looking for her ever since. On Thursday afternoon he was sent for to the Female Reformatory, Parson's-green, Fulham, by the matron, who directed the prisoner to be brought to him. He identified her at once, and told her he wanted her for absconding from Mr. Bishop's service in October last, and stealing a gold watch and other articles. She hesitated a little, and after being cautioned by him she admitted stealing the watch and boots and pledging them, but she denied stealing anything else. Witness asked for a remand to make the necessary inquiries.—Mr. Burcham accordingly remanded her.

**CHARGE OF WOUNDING A POLICE-CONSTABLE.**—Vincenza Vincenzo, 38, an Italian, a tall, well-dressed man, described as a soldier, was charged with unlawfully and maliciously wounding Edward Isaac Gilbert, a police-constable, in the execution of his duty.—Mr. Poland conducted the prosecution on behalf of the Corporation of London.—The facts of this case will be fresh in the recollection of the public. The prosecutor is a City police-constable, and on the 29th of December he and Sergeant Scott, of the City force, were on special duty in the Old Jewry, when they observed the prisoner, and were induced from his conduct to watch him. The prisoner went into Moorgate-street, and the officers followed him, and at length asked him what he was doing at that place. He replied that he was an Italian, and that he was waiting to see the Italian Consul. The sergeant told him that he could not see the Consul on that day, as it was Sunday, and the prisoner then became violent, and said something about being a Fenian. The jury returned a verdict that the prisoner was of unsound mind, and the Court made the usual order that he should be detained in safe custody during Her Majesty's pleasure.

## EARLY EDUCATION, BY MRS. PEDLEY.

EVERYONE is supposed to be born with a certain temper, a peculiar constitution of mind, as unalterable as the outward form of the body. The common belief also appears to be that a bad temper of some kind is man's natural inheritance; and not a few persons actually pride themselves on their unenviable characteristic—obstinate people preferring to be obstinate rather than passionate, and passionate individuals congratulating themselves on having escaped the bane of obstinacy, and so forth. Some badness of temper being regarded as a matter of course, the first indication of its presence in a child excites less anxiety than the cutting of a tooth. Taught to believe that the blemish is inevitable, parents find more satisfaction in tracing from "which side" it has sprung, than in attempting a remedy.

In too many instances it is unfortunately true that defects of the mind, like bodily imperfections, are hereditary. In numberless families certain vicious habits descend with the name, in the same manner that fatal diseases are sometimes transmitted from generation to generation, in direct line. But the existence of such an evil is no proof that the evil itself is necessary. It simply shows that no vigorous attempts have been made to counteract the defect, no barriers interposed against its encroachment. The probable victim has not been fortified against attack, nor placed in conditions of life totally different from any that have surrounded his predecessors. So long as vicious tempers, like hereditary maladies, from being supposed to be natural, are considered incurable, so long will they thrive on the neglect which nourishes them. But when parents and teachers generally, waken to the conviction that it is quite as natural to be healthy in body and good in heart as to be the reverse, Society at large will be in a far happier state than at present.

For my part I do not believe that young children are naturally ill-tempered. But there is little doubt they are made so by the injudicious management to which they are subjected. The class of servants to whose care infants are entrusted is notoriously an uneducated class, except where the services of a nurse are paid for at a high rate. Anybody is supposed to be good enough to look after children. Unrefined, unthinking, wanting in sensibility, most nursery maids treat their infant charges as they themselves were treated—however great the difference of grade may be between nurse and child in the social scale. Any one passing through the streets and parks, and witnessing the tyranny to which babes and little toddlers are subjected when their parents are away, may judge what the effect of such treatment is likely to be. And these cruelties and rebuffs,beit said, do not take place solely out of doors and amongst the working classes. The same wrongs are committed in all nurseries where a helpless child is left to the charge of an uneducated hireling. Under the most favourable circumstances, baby griefs are rarely understood. Impatience arising from irritation of food or clothing is almost invariably misinterpreted. Any refusal to eat, drink, or sleep at appointed times is generally construed into wilfulness; and a settled design against the will and pleasure of the nurse is considered the mainspring of a baby's actions. I have heard such base motives attributed to the conduct of infants a few weeks old as could only have entered the head of one experienced in the ways of this wicked world. Systematically checked and thwarted, natural impulses may, in course of time, become subdued. Noisy children may be made quiet, the sob may be stifled, the laugh suppressed; but there is danger lest a rebellious spirit may not manifest itself as soon as the child is strong enough to assert his rights.

The wrongs which are committed on a baby in arms are apt to be repeated—although from different motives—in the school-room. Unfortunately, most persons who have the charge of young children are, from the very zeal which they exercise in their calling, more prone to check evil than to encourage good. Consequently, if a child is so unhappy as to have what is called a bad temper, the poor little being is liable to be under constant correction for his one fault, whilst all the good in his nature is left undeveloped. Whatever mastery he may succeed in making over his evil propensity is regarded as a matter of duty. He gets no praise, no reward, for acts which, although natural enough in other children, have been to him a mighty effort. No wonder in such a case that a sensitive, unreasoning little being should brood over an injustice he may not be able to express, and indulge in impulses which bring, to himself at least, their own immediate gratification.

Allowing that young children are more prone to do what is wrong than what is right, it should be taken into consideration that the code of principles which regulates the actions of adults is unknown to them. Intuitively children know nothing about patience, forbearance, self-denial, and perseverance. All that they feel is the prompting of their inclinations; and, if the means are at hand to supply their wants, they unhesitatingly make use of those means.

Antagonistic force is undoubtedly the surest mode of subduing evil passions. Not the antagonism, however, which opposes worse against bad, but the upraising of good against evil. Herein I consider most teachers commit an error. They have not sufficient confidence in the power of Good. If in a child's disposition the ruling passion appears to be of a bad nature, they do not usually search out a counteracting good quality to employ as a weapon against it. Yet, walking with the little pupil through fields, their talk runs easily enough on such pretty lessons as that dock leaves grow where ever nettles flourish—the coolness of the one being an antidote to the sting of the other. The same provision of nature is found in the human breast. No heart, I believe, is so depraved as not to contain some redeeming qualities. But if these valuable gifts were not appreciated whilst they were yet in the germ—if more glaring faults concealed them, and caused their existence to be overlooked—the blame should not fall upon the child, but upon those who undertook to educate him.

The highest principle to enforce in moral training is that all qualities of the heart—i.e., those which have human sympathies for their root—require nourishment and exercise. Whether evil tendencies become confirmed or not depends less upon their having any existence than upon whether they are allowed to grow unchecked. Some children are so favoured in their parentage and early culture as to think and act benevolently, as if by instinct. Others, sprung from a more sordid origin, produce no good fruit spontaneously. All good qualities require stimulating, and are strengthened by exercise. But if we deprive children of these opportunities, or if by our ignorance of their wants we fail to see the value of them, obedience, gratitude, generosity, aye, and even filial love, will wither, or attain at least but stunted growth. If, on the other hand, with prudent forethought, we adopt an opposite course, in proportion as good qualities are strengthened evil ones will decay.

The severe censure which is apt to be passed on an ill-tempered child is only equalled in its folly by the exaggerated praise which a well-disposed child generally receives. An offensive self-glorification is the usual consequence of injudicious praise. Why, in fact, should a child be commended for an act which it has cost no effort to accomplish? If praise be regarded as a reward of merit, it should only be bestowed when some difficulties have been overcome. A generous-minded child, for instance, experiences a positive gratification in giving away toys and sweetmeats, whilst one of a less lavish nature cannot make up his mind to part with the meanest of his playthings. There is quite as much danger in encouraging a reckless openhandedness as in the indulgence of selfish propensities. The one disposition is as likely to lead to hopeless improvidence, as the other to culminate in avariciousness. Of the two extremes, unpopular as the belief may be, more misery is inflicted by thoughtless generosity than by prudent saving.—Queen.



## CAMELS IN ABYSSINIA.

AT seven o'clock the Beloochees began to arrive, having started at midnight. The advanced guard were therefore exactly the same time doing the distance that we were. Their baggage, however, has been dropping in all day, for it was loaded on camels, and most of these animals stuck fast in the narrow passages of the pass, and had to be unloaded to enable them to get through; and this happened again and again. The pass, in fact, is not, as yet, practicable for camels—males can manage it, but it is a very close fit for them, and it will be some time yet before camels can pass with their burdens. I suppose after to-day's experience camels will not be again employed this side of Koomazto until the pass has been widened. Some of the poor animals were stuck fast for a couple of hours before they could be extricated. There are now a hundred of them lying down within fifty yards of my tent. I consider the camel to be the most ridiculously overpraised animal under the sun. I do not deny that he has his virtues. He is moderately strong—not very strong for his size, for he will not carry so much as a couple of good mules; still he is fairly strong, and he can go a long time without water—a very useful quality in the desert, or on the seashore of Abyssinia. But patient! Heaven save the mark. He is without exception the most cantankerous animal under the sun. When he is wanted to stand up he lies down; when he is wanted to lie down he will not do it on any consideration, and once down he jumps up again the moment his driver's back is turned. He grumbles, and growls, and roars at any orders he receives, whether to stand up or lie down; whether to be loaded or to have his packs taken off.—From a Correspondent.

## A RIDE TO BE REMEMBERED.

ALTOGETHER it was a ride to be long remembered, through that long valley by moonlight, in an utterly unknown and somewhat hostile country, as several attempts at robbery have been made by the natives lately upon small parties, and although in no case have they attacked a European, yet every one rides with his loaded revolver in his holster. A deep silence seemed to hang over everything, broken only by our own voices, except by the occasional thrill of a cicada among the bushes, the call of a night bird, or by the whining of a jackal, or the hoarse bark of a monkey on the hills above. It was just eleven o'clock when we arrived at Upper Sooro. An officer at once came to the door of his tent, and with hospitality which is universal, asked us to come in and sit while our tent was being pitched. We accepted, and he opened for us a bottle of beer, cool, and in excellent condition. Imagine our feelings. Brandy and water would have been true hospitality, but beer, where beer is so scarce and so precious as it is here, was a deed which deserves to be recorded in letters of gold. I forbear to name our benefactor. The Samaritan's name has not descended to us, the widow who bestowed the mite is nameless. Let it be so in the present case. But I shall never cease to think of that bottle of beer with gratitude.—Correspondent's Letter from Abyssinia.

## ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE tenth series of the special Sunday evening services under the dome of St. Paul's was commenced last Sunday. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather the congregation was nearly as vast as usual. The choir was as numerous and efficient as ever, though since last year it has had to deplore the removal, by death, of its valued and respected conductor, Mr. Henry Buckland, whose place has been taken by Mr. Winn. The responses were sung to Tallis's music, and the anthem selected was "And the Glory of the Lord," Handel.

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be the case if such bottles were illegal, and which is  
not the case with Imperial pints, which being legal,  
are regular in measure.

These bottles of spurious extraction have sneaked  
into use under the style and title of the Royal bottle—  
the true quart—though at best they only contain two-  
thirds the measure, and cannot be relied on even for  
that—for a vast quantity of short measures being in  
use and constant circulation they are day by day  
exchanged by consumers for the bottles sent by the  
respectable wine merchant, who must either refuse  
them, which is often impossible—or not his interest to  
do so; destroy them, which no one supposes; use  
them, which he won't; or sell them at a loss to others,  
who in re-filling them delude the buyer, inflict a wrong  
on the wine trade generally, give occasion for a vast  
amount of unnecessary labour, and becomes a source  
of tricky opposition to the fair trader, who suffers.

These so-styled reputed quarts are neither honest,  
legal, nor convenient, and even if prepared for any  
reason whatever, should first be made subject to legal  
measurement and control, like all other measures; be  
stripped of their assumed reputed titles, which have  
brought much dispute on the bottle measure; and  
with their illegitimate children, the reputed pints, be  
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